TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The progress made by the committees in charge of the Dominion Day celebration is so satisfactory that there is no longer any doubt that July 1st, 1889, will be marked by a fete which will probably be one of the most successful local events of recent years, and it is to be hoped will be but the first of a series which will make memorable and enjoyable the natal day of the country. The fact that Dominion Day occurs on a Monday had led many to make preparations for spending Saturday, Sunday and the holiday with their friends at a distance; but even if there is a considerable exodus, the number of visitors who will come to the city will make the route of the procession as densely crowded as if Toronto had come out of doors and joined unanimously in making the day what it should be. The Grenadiers and many of the societies have made considerable sacrifices, in abstaining from excursions which they had planned, in order to make a goodly show, and they should be thanked for it.

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The sum donated by the city towards the expenses of the celebration was soon found to be inadequate, but it has been more than doubled by generous contributions from the citizens. In future years it would look much better if the city made sufficient provision for festivities attractive to the whole province, for certainly the whole city would gain advantage by it, and it is not a pleasant task for aldermen or citizens to go about begging for a thing of this sort, and yet it is not to our credit to know that since Federation there has been scarcely an attempt to properly celebrate the day, and this year the committee would have been handicapped had it not been for the individual assistance of the business men. Now if the celebration was projected on a liberal scale and thirty or forty thousand people attracted to the city for a two or three days' programme with the principal events on Dominion Day, it could be made a summer carnival attractive to the whole continent, a festival which would not only declare Toronto's belief in itself but our fidelity to Federation, our patriotism, and what is more, a shrewd understanding that our visitors would not go away without leaving sufficient behind them to recompense us for the trouble and expense incurred. About July first a vast number of people begin migrating from the south and are in search of novelty and entertainment. Canada is believed to be a frozen country, and I can conceive of no better means of convincing the world that we have the most glorious summer and delightful climate that can be found during the torrid days in all of America. The celebration this year will be well worthy of Toronto, but it isnothing to what can be done in future years if this one is proved to be a success. Next year instead of waiting till the last fortnight the work should begin the first of May and be advertised all over the States and the Dominion. The duty of the moment, however, is to make Monday's celebration the greatest success possible, and there is no element of uncertainty in it but the weather, for if the day be fine the crowd will be immense, the programme interesting, the prizes liberal, and the fireworks in the Queen's Park at night unrivalled.

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Sir Charles Tupper has never been a very ardent admirer of Imperial Federation, but in his speech at the Imperial Federation League in London on Saturday night he made an excellent suggestion. He told his audience that in Canada "the movement had not set the heather on fire, because no colony needs less a stimulus to loyalty to the empire and also because the French-Canadian population desire nothing better than existing liberties"—excessive privileges he might have said. He thought the movement should now take a practical turn and that both parties in the Imperial House should unite and summon an imperial conference in London to consider the whole question, especially on a basis of self-interest to each part of the empire. He believed that such a convention would have a practical outcome and lead to the adoption of a fiscal policy of strength which would promote the unity of the empire. Though the speech was much cheered Lord Herschel thought the conference was premature, but Mr. Rankin, M.P., urged the government to take the initiative with the other colonies. There has been no better suggestion made, and it is certainly the duty of the Dominion Government to take active measures looking towards such a conference. It would be unwise for the Imperial Government to take the matter in hand except by inviting co-operation and awaiting suggestion. The moment the matter becomes near enough to practical politics to excite discussion the strength and attractiveness of Imperial Federation will be developed and will enlist the sympathies of many who now scout the movement as chimerical.

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The City Council, alarmed no doubt by the clamor of the press and the indignant denunciation of the citizens, has consented to submit to popular vote the question if there shall or shall not be a Court House Commission. As it will be submitted with a money by-law on July 9, no expense will be incurred, and yet as the vote will be much smaller than that which approved of the expenditure of the additional six hundred thousand dollars it will not be entirely a fair test of public feeling in the matter. But I have no fear of the result. The people want a Court House Commission and they will doubtless say so—the aldermen who have been so anxious to retain the patronage in their own hands are merely utilizing the vote as a loophole out of which they can creep with some semblance of dignity. If they had nominated or caused nominations to be made of proper men and let the people decide on the *personnel* of the Commission, it would have been much more of a compliment to popular institutions and good men would have been elected. But with the same hunger for patronage which suggested the idea of keeping the funds to be expended on the Court House in their own hands they prefer to retain the power of appointment. But as public opinion has been so thoroughly aroused in the matter it will be impossible for improper nominations to be accepted.

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The Liberals are making great boasts of the large increase of voters they are succeeding in putting upon the lists for the municipal and legislative elections. While the Conservatives will have to take good care that they are not being swamped, it must be remembered that in the present condition of things voters are open to conviction after they are put on the lists, and that no one can calculate on the political preferences of voters as they once could. It is evident, however, that the Liberals intend making a special fight in Toronto; for proof see the Liberal picnic today, their activity in the Court of Revision, the boasts at the recent Liberal banquet that Toronto will elect two members, and a considerable amount of private congratulation on the fact that our City Council is Liberal in majority, and it cannot be denied that it is at least so constituted that in a crisis the majority would swing towards the Reform party.

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The French-Canadians in the United States as well as in the Province of Quebec on Monday celebrated St. Jean Baptiste Day with great *eclat*. In Quebec the unveiling of the statue of Jacques Cartier aroused great enthusiasm. It is worth noticing that it is the festival of Jean Baptiste and not Dominion Day that is attractive to the *habitant*.

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The Rev. Father Daniel has been lecturing in Montreal on the duty of Christians to love one another, pointing out that Montreal is a place of wonderful tolerance as compared with Toronto, putting in as evidence the occasional election of a Protestant to the mayoralty in the former city, though no Catholic is allowed to be elected to a similar position in Toronto. Though I would not hold up Toronto as a model of Christian tolerance, yet it is a beautiful city set upon a hill as compared with Montreal. No doubt prejudice is sufficiently strong in this city to prevent the election of a mediocre Roman Catholic to the office of Chief Magistrate; but it must be remembered that no candidate belonging to that creed, endowed with anything like conspicuous ability, has ever offered himself. If a man of honesty, integrity and thoroughly recognized ability were to become a candidate, the fact that he was a Roman Catholic might deter some from supporting him, but it would not cause his defeat. In Montreal, the leading men whose power and ability have been necessary to the good of the city are largely Protestants, for it cannot be denied that the Protestant element in Montreal is supreme in matters of business. Even if we admitted the strength of the prejudice here, it must be remembered that our courts are free from any such bias, that absolute and even justice is meted out to everyone, that mobs do not beset court rooms, nor are they allowed with impunity to assault those who in civil matters have excited the animosity of a different race and creed. It would be better if both cities learned a little more tolerance, but until Montreal has increased a hundredfold its belief that others than French-Canadians have a right in Canada, we are not prepared to receive without a smile of incredulity, essays on the loving kindness of French-Canadians.

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Talking about these odious racial comparisons, the Rev. Dr. Parker last Sunday in the Broadway Tabernacle (Toronto) said that the Irish were in reality more dangerous to the weal of the state than were the Chinese. If he represented the Christian tolerance of Toronto we would have very little to boast of. Men must be ignorant of the history of human nature and the first principles of religion to make in public any such statement. In the army, in the professions, in literature and the pulpit, Irishmen have frequently taken the highest place. In many of Britain's wars they have been the bravest soldiers, in many debates the staunchest patriots. The Irish poets have sung many of the sweetest lays which have ever been written and delivered some of the most resonant speeches in the English tongue. The orators of Ireland are celebrated for some of the most magnificent speeches on all questions, and what Chinaman may I ask has ever contributed anything towards the building up of an English speaking nation? In America while many blatherskites and ignorant fanatics do vast harm and are continually plotting for place and subsidy, yet they are not representative of the enormous Irish-American population whose good citizenship cannot be disputed in the United States or Canada. In the House of Representatives and Congress and in our Parliament and Senate are Irishmen who are too lofty in thought and too chivalrous in speech to make such odious comparisons as that made by the Rev. Dr. Parker. Some of the cleverest men in the professions in this city, some of the best and most generous citizens are Irishmen, and Roman Catholic Irishmen at that, who would not be known as anything but Canadians were it not for a certain exclusiveness which has become necessary to them owing to such outrageous attacks as that made at Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday night. Of course it is possible that Dr. Parker may have been misreported. I hope he was. It was an unworthy utterance.

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At the marriage of the Duke of Portland and Miss Dallas-Yorke, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Rev. Dr. King gave what is designated as an elegant sermonette. "My Lord Duke," he said, "happiness is not to be found in wealth, in the noble rank you bear, nor in art collections. The heart of man cannot be filled with them. One thing—and one alone—will satisfy the heart of a true man, and that is love. Love is that for which the heart yearns, and there lies your true happiness." Again, stretching out his hand to where the duke and his bride knelt, he said, "Help one another to draw near unto God. Begin by loving each other." It will strike the ordinary reader who is not used to marriages of convenience, that it would be rather impertinent for a clergyman to tell a bride and bridegroom to begin by loving each other. In this western country the bride and bridegroom are supposed to have arrived at that point before they get married, but from Dr. King's advice to the Duke of Portland one must imagine that loving each other is a rare thing among the "nobility" who are being wed.

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Justice MacMahon, in giving Barnett seven years, did just what I would have done under the circumstances. I know very little about law, but if ever a man in this country was ripe for a good long term in the penitentiary that man was Roland Gideon Israel Barnett. He has been playing the sharper act all over the English-speaking world, robbing the commercial public and getting away without any very great injury to himself. Nothing was too good for him in the way of clothing, jewelry or furniture. He lived high, had champagne and turtle all the time, had no respect for the marital relation, and therefore was free to carry a handsome woman around with him constantly, and was almost envied by a heap of people here who were very much better and more fortunate than he was. People could hardly understand how such an utterly worthless creature should be able to live on his streak of commercial sharpness while burglars and footpads made only a precarious living and honest men had to starve. Barnett was one of the most distinguished daylight robbers who have visited this city. He bought furniture that he could not pay for and clothing and jewelry far beyond his means, fully relying on his ability to rob some institution in time to meet his creditors or prepared to take flight should "luck" be against him. In London and New York his record is just the same. Wherever he has been he has shown an utter disregard for the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and the only wonder has been that he was able to pursue his avocation so long without being overtaken.

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A Canadian justice is a pretty hard-headed individual. Our judges are men taken from amongst the people, and they have a very fair idea of what the people would like to see done. Judge MacMahon, for instance—as generous-hearted and as likeable a man as there is in this province, without a particle of cruelty in his nature—has seen adversity as well as prosperity, but he knows that an honest man never gets into a place where he has to steal, and when he found a rascal who had been a robber everywhere, and proud of leaving his victims penniless while he lived in splendor, he quietly gave him the full extent of the law; and I think people feel like shaking hands with Justice MacMahon, and complimenting him onhis good judgment in letting this particular rascal "feel the halter draw" as tight as it will come.

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Complaint, however, is being whispered in some quarters that the native Canadian robbers of the Central Bank have gotten away easily while the descendant of the chosen people has been put in the hole. I am inclined to believe the courts were ready to convict any they could get hold of in this matter, while the people were willing almost to adopt lynch law. Flight has saved the majority and insufficient evidence has protected those who remain. It would please the city of Toronto to see the whole gang spend seven years with Barnett in the penitentiary, and some of them could spend seventeen without exciting a cent's worth of sympathy. If we can't get at all the rascals, let us settle with those we have hold of. Because a guilty man may have escaped, is no reason why another guilty man should escape. The proper punishment of one robber is salutary. If the whole gang had got their deserts the deputation which would have gone down to Kingston would have been much larger and the lesson still more instructive. But because some have escaped the general public should not feel inclined to sympathize with the one who has been punished.

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Not only is the lesson of Roland Gideon Israel Barnett fit instruction in commercial matters, but it is particularly worthy of the notice of young men. Barnett was a "high-roller, a wine-opener, a gay and festive fellow." He could afford to be idle and yet call in his friends to a champagne supper and game of draw, and after these things were over he was not unprepared with introductions to members of the demi-monde, which impressed the gosling with the idea that Barnett was a terrible fellow. I venture to remark that thousands have envied this cold-blooded rascal who will wear the varied uniform of Kingston penitentiary before this meets the eye of the reader. Honest fellows toiling and sacrificing themselves in order to pay their debts and support those dependent upon them have looked at the magnificently dressed and gay Barnett with envious eyes. Frequent lapses from virtue and honesty and the robbery of those who trusted him were all forgotten in the fact

WHO IS THE STRANGER?

that he was apparently having a great picnic. There is not a man in the world more demoralizing than the apparently successful commercial thief. His prosperity suggests that honesty is not "the best policy." The robber, if he is smart enough, can have a big time, be received by all convivial spirits, have a handsome house and fast women and all that sort of thing, while the burglar or he regards integrity as superior to knavery has to take a cold lunch in his pocket, live in a cheap house, help nurse the baby, saw wood and appear in public in last year's clothes and an old style plug hat on Sundays. As this is the common estimate of the gay and festive daylight-robber it pleases me beyond expression to see one of these fellows sent down for seven years by a man like Judge MacMahon. No one can look in the Judge's face without seeing there frank good-nature on which any honest man could rely for a lenient sentence if he had made an error, but I can imagine that face growing stern when he came to Barnett's record of rascality which has extended over the whole world. What an absolute pleasure he must have felt in giving him all the law would allow. Young men may now see that that sort of thing may be worked for a few years, but it will meet with the inevitable result. Jail food will satisfy the hunger and jail clothes will adorn the person of Mr. Barnett, instead of the costly viands and immaculate raiment which have been the price of his personal perfidy and commercial villainy. The example he has been setting will be retired in favor of a more honorable standard. Very few young men, even with a tendency to lax conscience, are willing to face seven years in the penitentiary in order to have a few months or years of dishonorable gaiety. Roland Gideon Israel Barnett in the penitentiary is a good example, whereas the same festive gentleman on Toronto street in the pride of his power was a bad example. Everyone who attempts to live without labor and be a daylight robber, inevitably comes to the same fate. He may escape for a few years, but he gets there all the same. He may be able to crowd enough enjoyment into his festive period, if he be without conscience, to compensate for his penitentiary period, but I doubt it. One thing at least I am sure of, the festive Barnett will have fewer imitators now than he would have had had he escaped the law.

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The *Globe* has an extended editorial on the question: "Why should not Presbyterians and Methodists unite?" In approving of the scheme of union the *Globe* urges that Methodists are much more Calvinistic than they are aware of, and that Presbyterians are much more inclined towards free grace than their Confession would suggest. It quotes Dr. Stafford as saying that "he had lately been studying the Westminster Confession and finds in it marvellous little to which he could object." If this be true it proves that the Methodist Church does not know what it believes and that the Presbyterian Church has no regard whatever for its profession of faith. As to Dr. Stafford, if he can reconcile the free-grace theory with the Confession of Faith, he is a competent person to engineer a scheme for pulling Patagonia up to the North Pole. For my own part I don't imagine that the Presbyterians and Methodists are very far apart, for the simple reason that neither creed is very near the Bible and consequently they can place themselves almost anywhere they have a mind to without being much further away from the guiding-star of their faith. Presbyterians don't believe in Presbyterianism, Methodists don't believe in Methodism to any alarming extent, while through both sects runs a broad and humanizing belief in the ultimate salvation of those who deserve it, and the proper punishment of those who are unfit to receive reward. It is not by what they profess but by what they really believe that we should judge these sectarians. It is of little moment whether a man be a Baptist or Anglican, Methodist or Presbyterian, if in his heart of hearts he has a broad and satisfying faith in God, in His mercy and loving kindness, a considerable knowledge of the weakness of human nature and the impossibility of being as good as one would like to be while the "weak and beggarly elements" of this life are in our way. There is very little difference between the ordinary Methodist and the ordinary Presbyterian. Both of these bodies profess things which are entirely incompatible with each other, but they are both after the same object. Both have mental reservations, and if a hundred of the lay members of each were gathered into a room and examined on what they believe, they would contradict the catechism of both churches to such an extent that they would vote to abolish everything in the shape of a creed. But if the clergymen of each sect are to endeavor to harmonize the written declarations of faith it will be as impossible as if the Catholic and the Protestant were to try to reconcile their differences. The fact that there is in all churches an impulse to come together does not prove that the creeds are at all similar, but that human hearts with a belief in God and the Saviour are similar, and that their impulses towards good things are alike. If it proves anything it proves that there should be no creed, and that in the light of revelation a man can work out his salvation on a much more liberal plan than has been laid out by the spiritual fathers of the churches centuries ago. DON.

Social and Personal.

The At Home given on last Saturday afternoon by the Upper Canada College Cricket Club, on the occasion of their annual match with Trinity College School Cricket Club of Port Hope, proved an interesting and attractive event. The visiting cricket club was rather disappointed with the result of the match, they losing for the first time in five years. But they all took their beating good naturedly, saying: "better luck next time." About 4:30 the play ended and dancing commenced in the gymnasium, which was tastefully decorated with light blue and yellow bunting. Refreshments were served in the garden adjoining the residence of the head master, Mr. Dickson, and the guests were received on entering by Mrs. Dickson, dressed in a becoming grey costume. Amongst the citizens represented were: Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson-Jones and Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Cattanach, Dr. and Mrs. Fred. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. Benjamin Parsons, His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Widder, Mr. and the Misses Rutherford, Chief Justice and Miss Hagarty, A. Martin, Q.C., of Hamilton, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. W. and Miss Bunting, Mr. A. Gillespie of Hamilton, Miss Fannie Small, the Misses McKellar, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. Cyrol Cassell, Miss Parsons, Mr. Sandford Fleming of Ottawa, Miss Birchall, Miss McGivern of Hamilton, Dr. P. J. Strathy, the Misses Todd, Dr. Nattrass, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Watson, Mr. Mervyn McKenzie, the Misses Dixon, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Houston, Mrs. R. H. Bethune and the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Tully, Mr. and the Misses Temple, Mr. G. Mercer Adam and the Misses Adam, Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Mr. Ridout, Dr. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Walker of Orillia, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Dr. Larratt Smith and the Misses Smith, the Misses Langtry, Mr. John Wright, Mr. Claude Boulton, Miss Fisken, Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout, the Misses Homer Dixon, Miss Morris, Mrs. and the Misses Milligan, Mr. Fraser McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mr. and Mrs. T. Stinson, Mrs. W. F. Burton, and Mr. R. K. Hope of Hamilton.

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Mr. Claude Boulton leaves on Monday for Europe for a couple of months.

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Mr. Cassimer Dickson, who has been studying for three months at the Military School, Kingston, returned to town this week, in time to go into camp with the Body Guards.

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Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels start on a European tour early next week, to be gone two or three months.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Lumsden sail from Quebec, on the Dominion liner Vancouver, next Thursday, to visit relatives in Scotland.

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Mr. A. Thornton Todd and family have taken up their abode in their Island home for the summer.

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On Wednesday, June 26, at All Saints' Church, there was a joyous gathering of relatives and friends to witness the nuptials of Mr. Paul Von Szeliski and Mary Lilian Kerr, daughter of Mr. W. H. C. Kerr, barrister of this city. The ushers on this occasion were Mr. Paul Jarvis, Mr. Ed. Clarke and Mr. Frank Lillie, whose duties were performed most admirably. The chancel of the church was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns, and at the organ presided Miss Kathleen Keer, cousin of the bride, who, while the guests were assembling, played the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin. Soon the joyful strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March announced the coming of the bridal party. First the mother of the bride, whose dress for the occasion was a silver gray poplin, with palest green silk front and gray and green bonnet to match. She was attended by Mr. Paul Jarvis, one of the ushers. Next came the lovely bridesmaid, little Constance Kerr, who wore white embroidered muslin, with sash and trimmings of buttercup yellow and bouquet of yellow roses. Lastly, the fair bride, leaning on the arm of her father. She looked very charming in an elegant dress of ivory satin and lace, her only ornaments being natural flowers, stephanotis and white roses. The bridegroom, who awaited his bride at the altar, was attended by Mr. Geo. Kerr of the Bank of Montreal, London. The beautiful and solemn marriage service was performed by the Rev. Arthur Baldwin, the popular rector of All Saints'. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party at once drove to the residence of the bride's father, where the happy young couple received the congratulations and good wishes of their friends. Among the guests were Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. W. D. Le Sueur of the Post Office Department of Ottawa, the Misses Henderson of Quebec, Miss Florence Dinning of Philadelphia, Mr. MacGillis of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Kerr, Miss Minerva Kerr, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Dawson Kerr, Mrs. Clarke and others. After the reception came the wedding breakfast, the ample board being spread with everything to tempt the palate and please the eye, flowers were everywhere and the large bouquets of roses carried by most of the ladies made the air fragrant with their breath. As the young couple had to leave by the two o'clock boat for Montreal, the goodbyes had soon to be said, so when the bride had donned her pretty traveling dress amid a shower of rice and good wishes, they took their departure.

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I am sure the sorrow and sympathy of everyone is with Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash of Cobourg in their recent terrible bereavement. Since last week four of their children have succumbed to that fatal disease, diphtheria—their only daughter, Gracie, eleven years old, twin boys, Arthur and Richard, aged five, and John, aged eight.

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The occasion of the marriage of Mr. George Pyke, who is an old officer of the Imperial Bank of Canada, to Miss Radcliffe, was seized by the fellow clerks of Mr. Pyke, as an opportunity to express the high esteem in which he is held by the staff in Toronto. On Friday, June 20, the members of the staff thirty strong, assembled in the board room of the Institution. Cashier Wilkie opened the proceedings with a few admirable words of congratulations, etc., and then presented the address illuminated in Howard's best style, wherein he begged Mr. Pyke's acceptance of the gifts displayed on the table as a slight evidence of the good will of each member of the staff. Mr. Pyke received a genuine surprise and feeling replied as he came a man of few words. But the Imperial Bank boys were not yet through with Mr. Geo. Pyke. At 8:30 the same evening about twenty-five of them sat down to a dinner at the Granite Club, where an evening long to be remembered by the participants was enjoyed. Mr. Bernard Jennings, the assistant cashier, made an excellent chairman, and distinguished himself by numerous happy sallies during the evening, and he was ably and wittily supported by Mr. Edward Hay, the bank's inspector. The songs of the evening were Mr. Hay's, Numerous Complaints, and Mr. Forrest's, Get up and Bar the Door, oh! while the honors of speeches fell to Mr. Geo. Rapelle, one of the Bank's solicitors, who recently dropped into matrimony himself and therefore claimed to speak as one with authority. Mr. Vankoughnet, who replied to the toast of Sports and in doing so astonished all hearers with a stirring and eloquent speech wherein Mr. Pyke and sport were nobly upheld, and finally to Mr. J. Castell Hopkins in reply to Canada Our Home, a right patriotic speech. Mr. Pyke has cause to be pleased with the demonstration, while the givers of the dinner—so much more pleasant is it to give than to receive—unanimously decided that such a gathering should take place at least once a year whether a marriage occurred or no; but it is rumored that the staff will not have long to wait for other members to follow in Mr. Pyke's wake. The presents were a silver coffee service of Egyptian design, a marble mantel clock and a complete china dinner service.

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The convocation held at Trinity University on Thursday was of rather unusual interest, as Trinity then conferred the B. A. degree on her first girl graduate, Miss Helen Gregory, daughter of Mr. S. E. Gregory, and granddaughter of the venerable Judge O'Reilly of Hamilton. This was Miss Gregory's second degree, as she was also the first lady to take that of Mus. Bac. from Trinity.

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Don Mills Church, Chester, was crowded Tuesday, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Wm. G. Bee and Miss Mary Ida Jameson. Mr. Bee is the son of the Rev. Wm. Bee of Chester, and the bride is the third daughter of Professor Jameson of this city. Mr. Arthur Hewitt acted as best man, and Miss Ida Bee, sister of the groom, as bridesmaid. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Geo. T. Jameson of Ottawa. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hunter of Carlton street church. The church was prettily decorated with flowers, roses being strewn from the door to the altar. The bride was dressed in pale pink silk with veil and natural flowers, and the bridesmaid in pale blue cashmere. Among the guests were the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hunter, Ald. E. A. Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Bee, Miss Jameson, sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. and Miss Taylor, Miss Gowan, Mr. George R. Evans, Mr. John Macdonald, Miss Lawson, and others. The couple left for the Thousand Islands, Murray Bay and other places.

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The grounds of Rosedale House will probably be the center of attraction this afternoon, as the St. George's Society hold their annual garden party there.

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On Thursday morning a quiet wedding took place in the old military church of St. John the Divine, on Portland street, when Mr. Blayney Harvey Scott was married to Miss Susie Doty Johnston. The knot was tied by the rector, Rev. Alexander Williams, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sweny of St. Philip's. The bride wore a becoming traveling costume of gray corded silk, with brocaded trimmings, a lace bonnet to match and pearl ornaments. She was attended by her sister, Miss Lizzie Johnston, attired in a costume of cream brocaded silk with lace trimmings and a tulle hat trimmed with yellow flowers. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Samuel Scott. A wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of the bride's father, ex-Alderman Johnston, on the corner of Queen and Bathurst streets, after which Mr. and Mrs. Scott took the Chicora for Niagara, en route to the Eastern States. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Johnston, Masters Robert and Eldie Johnston, Miss Marian Pomeroy and Mr. T. W. Dudgeon.

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Mr. John N. Richard, son of the senior member of the firm of Millar & Richard, the great type founders of Edinburgh, has been in the city for the past week. He is visiting the chief cities of the United States and Canada, and will return to Scotland about the beginning of August. He expresses himself very highly pleased with Canada, and has also created a very favorable impression on those who have had the pleasure of meeting him.

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On Monday evening a large number of persons interested in art visited the rooms of the Associated Artists in Yonge street arcade to view the exhibition of pupils' work, and a collection of foreign pictures and antique wood carvings loaned for the occasion. The students' work, which consisted of chalk drawings from the antique and life and paintings of fruits, flowers, etc., exhibited much careful and painstaking work, but would be none the worse for showing more boldness and vigor of execution. The work of Mrs. M. E. Dignam, the principal of the school, deserves more than a passing notice. Her paintings of flowers, in particular, are characterized by taste if and effective grouping and vigorous and effective treatment. Promising work was shown by Miss McConnell and Miss Pattullo. Among the loaned pictures were the portrait of Franz Liszt, owned by Messrs. Mason & Risch, a copy of the St. Sebastian in the Palazo Rozz, Florence, two views in Venice owned by Mrs. John Riordan, Hungarian Girl owned by Mr. Chas. Nelson, Precious Treasures owned by Mrs. H. H. Humphrey, and several of the pictures exhibited at the Ontario Society's exhibition.

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Mr. J. G. Turton of Bathurst street was presented with a farewell address and a goldheaded cane by the young ladies of his bible class on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Turton leave early in July for Australia, where Mr. Turton has been appointed assistant manager of the Massey Manufacturing Co.'s Australian branch.

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I am pleased to notice in the series of papers on Canadian poets published in the King's College *Record*, Windsor, N. S., a biographical sketch of Mr. Thos. O'Hagan and a brief review of his poems. Mr. O'Hagan's work is not unknown to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, to which he has contributed some bright and melodious poems. His book entitled a Gate of Flowers contains work which ranks with some of the best Canadian verses yet produced. Mr. O'Hagan has just been successful in winning the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the English department of the post-graduate course of Syracuse University.

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The same periodical contains also a review of the poems of Mr. Phillips Stewart, a graduate of Toronto University and now studying law in the office of Blake, Lash & Cassels. The review is highly eulogistic.

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Miss Mary McDermid of 496 Jarvis street has returned from Winnipeg accompanied by her sister Mrs. Graham.

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On Saturday next Mrs. R. B. Butland and her daughter Anna, accompanied by Miss Annie Verrall, sister of Mrs. Butland, leave for an extended trip to England and the continent. They will visit the Paris Exhibition and spend some time in Italy, remaining away about a year.

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Dr. W. A. Dixon, son of Mr. John Dixon of Jarvis street, sailed from New York on the 26th, by the Germanic, to "walk the hospitals" of Europe for two years.

*

The second annual picnic in aid of the Italian Benevolent Society, Christoforo Colombo, takes place on Monday in the grounds on Yonge street, between Wellesley and Gloucester streets.

*

Miss Keigan of Hamilton, who has been staying with friends in London, Eng., and Paris, for the last four months, intends joining Miss H. M. Hill's party from Toronto, July 9, at Paris, to travel for a couple of months on the continent.

*

Miss Lizzie Mackey of Muscatine, Iowa, is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Ryan, 91 Isabella street.

*

The musicale given by the pupils of Mr. Ed. E. Farringer in R. S. Williams' piano warerooms, on Yonge street, last Friday evening, was very interesting and enjoyable. The performances of Mr. Farringer's pupils were very creditable and showed the good results of a strong beneficial influence, which he exerts over them by his pleasant, mild and encouraging method of teaching. Some of the pupils although having studied but a short time showed a promising degree of ability. Prizes were distributed, principally for assiduity in practice, by Dr. May, superintendent of Art Schools, etc.

*

The west end loses one of its fairest and brightest ornaments, in the absence of Miss Cross for the remainder of the summer.

Types of Husbands.

I want to say something about husbands. The husband has comic pictures drawn of him and idiotic stories written about him; he is supremely disdained at his own wedding, he never seems to be of the least bit of importance except to his mother-in-law, and yet I know of nothing so necessary to the community as husbands. I don't think much of the small husband. Experience has taught most women that he is very apt to be malicious and that he has a nasty way of remembering what you did in the past, throwing it up in the present and predicting its repetition for the future. But the medium and the big husband are to be sought for; I might mention that at times they are also rounded. We read lovely books to our husbands about the friendships of women, and we know that if a time came when we were in pain or worry we would much rather have our heads on a masculine shoulder and sob out our folly, because a man's not very much inclined to rub it in. For he thinks: "Poor little woman, she's suffered enough already." He is given to chaffing, and he usually likes an affectionate wife. He is not the persecuting giant he is represented about buttons, because his buttons are detachable, and does not rely upon his wife to attend to his clothes, but he does take an interest in how you look, and the American husband is, without any doubt, extremely generous.

I wish a few American women could have English husbands for about one month. They would then realize what it means to take all the money that Charles has got, while Charlie laughs at your coldness and then laughs still more when at midday you call him up on the telephone, ask him if he loves you, tell him you have seen a bonnet that will make him think you are fifteen years old, and repeat that delicious day when you first met him, and won't he please send you a check for it.

The English husband is not built this way. His creed is that a woman should have as little money as possible, as few desires, and then look as well as women are more than money and gratify all their wishes. The Englishman as a man is most interesting—as a husband he is a failure.

The woman who said that heaven to her meant an American husband was much nearer the truth than she ever imagined. I do not see why husbands' little weaknesses should all be trotted forward. I think wives talk too much. I think husbands sometimes drink too much to drink, the nice thing is to see that he gets to bed comfortably and wait until tomorrow, then do not refer to the inauspicious occasion, but wait and see what the day will bring forth. Getting drunk is not desirable in a husband, that is, getting drunk with any regularity, but it is much better than to believe that he cares more for any other woman than he does for you. I am going to speak my mind, because I have a drop of Quaker blood in me and this is yearly meeting.—*Bab, in N. Y. Graphic.*

Wanted a Correction.

The editor of the Hornbeam *Maul* received a visit from Tobe Phillips.

"Look here," said Mr. Phillips, "last week you spoke of the death of my grandmother, Mrs. Harvey."

"Yes, yes, so I did. Anything wrong?"

"You said she was ninety-eight years old and—"

"Well, wasn't she that old?"

"Oh, yes, but you said that she never chewed tobacco and was never addicted to her life."

"Well, is there anything wrong about that?"

"But don't you understand, it sorter reflects on—on her."

"How so."

"Well, now I'll tell you. I don't reckon there is a more respectable lot of people anywhere than we are—

"That's all right, old fellow. I didn't mean any reflection. You see, when a very old man dies the newspapers, particularly the twopenny publications, say that he never used tobacco or liquor; and what I said was merely a take-off."

"Yes," said the visitor, "your intentions were all right, but what you say ain't the truth. The old lady usually took a chew of tobacco about the size of a walnut and I don't reckon there was a better judge of licker in our neighborhood. She was sorter proud of her record in regard to licker, and if it won't be too much trouble to you I wish you would make a sort of correction."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is the young traveler just returned from abroad.

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Guard Your Health.

It may not sound orthodox, but I say it—ill health is the cause of more failures in young lives to-day than immorality.

It is, no doubt, a fact that immorality contributes fearfully to the sum total of ill health.

I content myself now, however, with confessing that fact, without further comment. Ill health is, in many cases, a sort of immorality in itself—that is, the youth is no right, so to speak, to be in ill health. I dare assert that the poor digestion that is so common is the occasion of the incompetent loss of a situation more frequently than dissolute habits.

I have in my eye this moment five young men, who came to city life here in Boston three years ago.

They were each farm-bred, accustomed to open-air life, the plainest of food, and out-door exercise. Farm meals are taken regularly, and the heaviest at noon at the winding of the dinner-horn, sweeter than ever were Alpine echoes. They each relied on a tremendous stock of vigor brought to town. To my knowledge, each contracted the city habit of night dinners with difficulty, each has been continuously growing in the practice of irregularity in eating, relying on the endurance imported from the country. Now, three have failed of the expected promotion and promised increase of wages.

I have taken pains to inquire of their employers, and the three answers may be put in a word—"Loss of energy." Conversation showed that the men disappointed their employers in plain, homely, physical vigor. One merchant said:

"I was disgusted with white-livered city boys. This fellow was as red as a berry, and appeared like an athlete. I hired him, hoping to get six feet of push. He did tread round like an ox for awhile. But look at him. He is as lackadaisical as any Beacon street scion now."

Another merchant told me that, in his judgment, the purely nervous energy, "the working on nerve," that one got in a city-bred boy, could not be acquired by the country-bred. "If the country boy breaks he goes all to pieces." All three of these young men have dyspepsia. There is only one thing left for them now. They must return to out-door life. The two others of the five have been told that they were not wanted. One has nervous headache, the result of indigestion; the other has become intemperate, the result of an effort at stimulation to keep up night-work, poor fellow. Young people from rural regions are often enough warned against the vices of the town. But who will tell them that their greatest peril is, in fact, a physical breakdown?

A young physician, of such brilliant parts that he was called to the city for partnership with an old and famous practitioner, tells me that the noises of the city, so different from the quiet of a country village, he counts his greatest trial. He believes that the nerve strain of the street clatter is a very prolific cause of exhaustion to two classes of toilers. All accountants are worn down by it who are so located that they hear the street racket, or the hum of machinery, or the murmur of constant conversation, especially if there is any half-conscious attempt to catch the conversation. In the interest of the highly sensitive organism that is necessary for counting-room work, he asks: "Why will not merchants so locate their counting rooms that they may at least be quiet?" Quiet is better even than good ventilation or daylight. If a merchant must choose between gaslight and quiet and daylight with a street's roar and the torturing clatter of customers, let him take the former for brain-weary accountants by all means. The other class injured by noise is professional men, brain-workers of all kinds, who are so lodged that their sleeping-rooms are assailed late, and especially early, by irritating street sounds.

The above are but illustrations in point. Experience in city life shows that physical vigor counts for more than mental abilities. Strength to endure close application is far more than genius, and the fact is becoming more and more apparent. There is nothing, except the Christian's prayer, that will enable a young man to stand up under that fact called Disappointment, like robust health. Hope feeds on health as a plant feeds on rich soil. Hopefulness without health there may be; but it is a mere intermittent spasm, one day high and exciting, the next flat as corn after a gale. The steady cheer, the indomitable courage, the deathless grip on the main chance that a successful man must have, is the result of good digestion, facility in sleep, a strong, regular and full pulse. No education can take the place of health in the modern race. If your health is failing you are coming to bankruptcy as surely as the calendar. Your first duty to your career is a thorough examination of the conditions of your toil. If the cause is within your own power, at all costs remove it. If it is something that your employer can alone correct, make a frank, manly appeal to him. If he disregards the appeal, as you love your future and revere your Creator, the giver of your life, make a change. Why kill yourself? Why, for the sake of bread to-day, imperil the bread-winning power of riper age? Youth can change with more facility than age. You have few burdens now, poor clerk, in comparison with the larger family of ten years away. Change now; it is but to roll up your pack. Change ten years away, because an invalid, it will be to imperil a household. Above all things, what a wicked fool is he who for wealth or ambition endures self-imposed unsanitary conditions in young manhood!

"Tell them," she whispered—an invalid girl in whose chamber I sat by her summons—"tell all the young people you can reach that there is no happiness in success at the price I have paid. Cannot you write it, sir, and publish it far and wide? Say that I have scared with my brush nearly sixty thousand dollars. All my pictures now sell as fast as I can produce them. Oh, Boston, you are very kind now to the poor girl, yes, very kind. But it comes too late. I am dying. I would give all I have for a year of life. Yes," she added, with pathetic exhortation, "for a month of the health I had as a country girl. For the last four years my success has been far from a pleasure, a very torture, because I knew I was to pay for it with this miserable sick room overthrow."

I send her message on its way, according to a sacred promise. If the reading of it shall provoke any young person to a more careful watch and ward over preventable waste of the precious oil of health, she will thank God.

And yet, as I write, another consciousness is on me. There are martyrdoms now as of old, which Heaven appoints. Many will read this, and ask: "How shall I escape and yet be true to duty?" To which there is but one reply: You cannot escape. It is appointed unto us all to burn this oil to the last drop, giving light; but to burn with a carefully trimmed wick and a wise economy, is a different thing from the fool's lavishment.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Age to Write.

Works produced in early life by authors who have afterwards risen to fame, though they may have shown tokens of the writer's genius, have seldom contained those elements necessary to insure their being found by posterity, save in a dilapidated condition, and in a cheap box of a second-hand bookseller.

Goethe says that no one should undertake to write a novel till past forty. Were this advice followed what a deal of trash in flashy bindings would cease to decorate the book stalls and library shelves.

Necker said, the era of seventy is an agreeable age for writing. Oh, that this idea were shared by some we could name! Lord Palmerston seems of the same opinion, when in reply to the question "when is a man in his prime?" he replied "at seventy."

This, we think, is going to the other extreme. But it is certain that very few writers gain favor with the public before reaching the age mentioned by the German philosopher. No matter what their inherent genius, youthful writers lack an element, which only practical experience, and knowledge of the world and the hearts of men, can fill up.

The works of youthful prodigies are of an ephemeral character. Middle life, when the mind is matured, yet has not through age began to lose its powers, is the season at which the best and most lasting work has been produced.

An Exigency of Fashion.

Of course the wives must come down.—*Puck.*

Lawn Tennis.

In the spring of 1875, a young lady returning from a winter trip to Bermuda, brought home the first lawn tennis outfit that had been brought into the United States. From that small beginning sprang lawn tennis clubs without number in a very short time. Whenever ladies and gentlemen meet in friendly contest on the field of outdoor sport, dress becomes a very important and interesting branch of the subject. In this critical and inventive age, it was but natural that a bright and graceful sport like lawn tennis should attract to itself a correspondingly bright and graceful costume. The style of garments worn are for coat a single breasted sack made without lining, and the trousers sufficiently loose to afford free and easy motion, and yet not so ample as to appear baggy. They should be supported by a silk belt or sash—never with suspenders. The class of goods most fashionably worn is the plain cream or white serge, and sometimes with a little color, a stock of which I have just imported especially for this season. Remember the fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hote dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c, or six tickets for $2. As this is the only table d'hote dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

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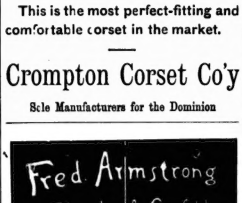

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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXVI—CONTINUED.

This conversation took place upon the terrace directly after Theodore's arrival; and when the gardener had gone off to the stables to get the dog-cart of-all-work, Lord Cheriton and his cousin walked in the direction of the well.

The well was in one of the kitchen gardens, quite the oldest bit of garden ground at Cheriton, a square garden of about two acres, shut in with high crumbling red brick walls, upon which grew blue gages, and William pears, egg plums, and apricots, attaining more or less to perfection as the season favored them. It was a pleasant garden to dream in upon a summer afternoon, for there was an air of superabundant growth that was almost tropical in the century old espaliers, albeit they had long ceased to produce meritorious pears and apples, and in the spray of leaves and yellow blossoms of the vegetable marrows which seemed to be grown for no purpose except to produce champion gourds or prize fruit, to be ultimately hung up as ornaments in the gardener's cottage, or to rot in the corner of a greenhouse. There is always one old greenhouse in such a garden given over to preserving spiders and accumulating rubbish.

In the middle of a vegetable marrow warren stood the well—a well of eighteen feet in diameter, surrounded by a low brick wall, of that same bright red brick which crumbled behind the blue gages and the egg plums, and in which the birds pecked great caverns, for very wantonness. It was a well of the old pattern, with a ponderous wooden roller, and an iron spindle, which had wound up water from the same cold depth for over a hundred years. It had run dry often, in the time of the Stangways, that good old well; but no Stangway had ever thought of improving anything upon the estate, so in seasons of drought the flowers had drooped and the turf had withered unheeded by the proprietorial eye.

Mr. Gadby's men appeared after their dinner hour and got seriously to work by about three o'clock, at which hour Theodore and Lady Cheriton were strolling in the rose garden after lunch, while the master of the house sat in the library reading. Theodore had observed a marked change in his cousin since his last visit to Cheriton. There was a worried look in Lord Cheriton's face which had not been there even after the shock of the murder, a look of nervous apprehension which showed itself from time to time in a countenance where firmness of character and an absolute fearlessness had been hitherto the strongest characteristics.

He had not yet told his cousin the result of his interview with Mercy Porter. He had waited till an opportunity for more confidential talk, should come about naturally, and that opportunity now occurred. Lady Cheriton left him after half an hour's smattering inspection of the roses, and he went through the open window into the library where Lord Cheriton sat in his large armchair at his own particular table, reading the political summing-up in the last *Quarterly*.

"Shall I be disturbing you if I sit here?" asked Theodore, taking a volume from the table where the newest books were always to be found.

"On the contrary I shall be very glad of a little conversation. I have been struggling through an analysis of last session, which is all weariness and vexation of the spirit. The session was dull, the commentary is duller. I am anxious to know how you got on with Mrs. Porter's daughter."

"Very badly, I regret to say, from our point of view. She utterly rejects your generous offer. She prefers her mother's life, with its independence. She will accept no obligation from anyone."

"Humph! She must be a curious young woman," said Lord Cheriton, with a vexed air. "I should have liked very much to have made her life bright and easy if she would have let me—for her father's sake. On what ground did she refuse my offer?"

"On the ground of preferring to work for her living, and to live a humble life. She has taken that upon herself, I believe, as an expiation of her past errors, although she did not say that in so many words. She is very reticent, and I never saw such a resolute temper in so young—and so gentle-mannered—a woman."

"You tried to overcome her objections; you represented to her how easy and pleasant her life might be in some picturesque village—among the hills and lakes, or by the sea—and how she might live among people who would know nothing of her past history, who would grow to care for her and be fond of her for her own sake."

"I urged all this upon her. I am as anxious as you are that she should leave that dreary attic—that monotonous life—but nothing I could say was of the least use. She was resolute—she would accept nothing from you."

"From me—ah, that is it!" cried Lord Cheriton, suddenly. "Had the offer come from anyone else she might have been less stubborn. But from me she will take nothing, not a loaf of bread if she were starving. That is the explanation of her hardness—it is to me she is adamant. Tell me she hates me, Theodore. Don't spare my feelings. This girl hates me, I suppose?"

"I fear she has a deeply rooted prejudice against you. She may—most unjustly—blame you for her misery, because Colonel Tremayne was your friend."

"Yes, that is her feeling no doubt; it is on that account she hates me. Perhaps she is justified in her anger. I ought to have shot that scoundrel. Had I lived fifty years sooner I suppose I should have shot him."

"I don't think you could have been called upon to do that even by the old code of honor. Mercy was not allied to you——"

"No, but she dwelt at my gates. She was under my protection—she had no other man living to defend her. I ought to have punished her seducer—it was incumbent on me to do it. Because there was no one else," he added slowly, after a long pause.

"It may be on that account she rejects your generous offer. I cannot see that it was certainly some strong personal prejudice on her part. She was deeply moved. She burst into a passion of sobs. 'Not from him,' she cried. 'I will accept nothing from him. Of all the men upon this earth he shall be the last to help me!'"

Lord Cheriton flung the Quarterly from him with a passionate gesture, as he started to his feet and began to walk up and down the long clear space in front of the five windows.

"Theodore," he said suddenly, "You have not yet come face to face with all the problems of life. Perhaps you have not yet realized how hard it is to help people. I would have given much to be able to help that girl—to assure her an easy and comfortable existence—the requirements of life amidst pleasant surroundings. What would it matter to me whether I allowed her one hundred or two hundred a year? All I desire is that her life should be happy. And of deliberate malice—of sheer perversity—she prefers a life that dooms herself to the seamstress' slavery, and to a garret in Lambeth. My God, to think that with all the will and all the power to help her, I cannot come between her and that sordid misery. It is hard, Theodore, it is very hard upon a man like me. There is nothing I hold of this world's goods that I have not worked for honestly; and when I want to do good for others with what I have won, I am barred by their folly. It is enough to make me mad."

Never before had Theodore seen this self-abandonment in his stately cousin, the man who bore in every tone and every gesture the impress of his acknowledged ascendency over his fellow-men. To see such a man as this so completely unhinged by a woman's perversity was a new thing to Theodore Dalbrook; and his heart went out to his kinsman as it had never done before.

"My dear Cheriton, you have done all that was in your power to do for that mistaken young woman," he said, holding out his hand, which the elder man grasped warmly. "What,ever wrong you may have unwittingly brought about by the presence of a blackguard under your roof, you have done your best to atone for that wrong. The most sensitive, the most punctilious of men could do no more."

"I thank you, Theodore, for your sympathy. Yes, I have done my best for her—you will bear witness to that."

"A father could scarcely do more for an erring daughter. I only wish her mother felt half as kindly towards her as you, upon whom her claim is so slight."

"No, no: it is a substantial claim. She is fatherless, and her mother has neglected her me. I stand, as it were, *in loco parentis*. Well, we will say no more about her; she must go her own way. Only, if ever you find an opportunity of helping her—for me, will you do me a great favor by taking prompt advantage of it."

"I shall gladly do so. I am interested in her for her own sake, as well as for yours."

"You are a good fellow, Theodore, and I know you wish us well. I can go no further than that and say I know that I can trust you."

This was said with an earnestness which impressed Theodore. It seemed to him almost as if his kinsman foresaw that inevitable hour in which there must be perfect unreserve between them—in which the younger man would have to say to his senior and superior in rank, "I know the secret of your earlier years. I know the dark cloud that has overshadowed your life."

They talked for a little while of indifferent subjects, and then Lord Cheriton proposed a stroll in the direction of the well.

"I should like to see whether those fellows have begun work," he said.

The old garden looked its sleepiest in the westering sunlight, but there was business going on there nevertheless, and a great heap of damp clay had been flung out by the side of the low brick parapet. Two men were at work below, and three others were above, while a fifth, a foreman and leading light, looked on and gave directions.

"Have you see you've tackled the job, Carter," said Lord Cheriton.

"Yes, my lord, we've got on to it pretty well. Could I have a word with your lordship?"

"Certainly, as many words as you like. How mysterious you look, Carter. There is nothing in your communication that Mr. Dalbrook is not to hear, I suppose?"

"No, my lord, Mr. Dalbrook don't matter; but I thought you wouldn't care for everybody to know, for fear of a scare, leastway for ladyship, and give her a scare."

"What are you driving at, Carter, with your ladyships and your scares? Have you seen a ghost at the bottom of the well?"

"No, my lord, but the men found this in the surface clay, and I thought it might have some bearing upon—last year—the murder."

He dropped out his words hesitatingly, as if he hardly dared pronounce that ghastly word, and then took something out of his jacket pocket and handed it to Lord Cheriton.

It was a Colt's revolver, by no means of the newest model, and it had lying beneath water. The foreman had amused his leisure since the discovery in trying to rub off the rust with a hard cocoanut fibre brush purchased by his corduroy coat sleeve, and had succeeded in polishing a small silver plate upon the butt of the pistol so as to make the initials "T. D." engraved upon it quite decipherable.

There was not much in the discovery perhaps but by the ghastly change in Lord Cheriton's face, Theodore saw that to him it had appeared of supreme importance. His hand shook as it held the pistol, his eyes had a look of absolute horror as they scrutinized it; and nothing could be more obvious than the effort with which he controlled his agitation, and looked from the builder's foreman to Theodore with an assumption of tranquillity.

"It may mean much, or nothing, Carter," he said, putting the pistol in his coat pocket. "It was quite right of you to bring the matter before me."

"I thought the initials on the pistol might lead to something being found out, my lord," said the foreman, who wished to make the most of his find. "I don't think there can be much doubt but the murderer chucked it in there."

"Don't you? I have gone into the subject of circumstantial evidence a little deeper than you have, Carter; it was my trade, don't you know, before I came into this place, and I can tell you that the odds are ten to one against this pistol having belonged to the murderer. Do you think it likely that the man who shot Sir Godfrey Carmichael would have gone out of his way to throw his pistol down that particular well?"

"I don't know about that, my lord, it would have been a very safe hiding-place, if the water hadn't gone down so low. It be a long way if he were making for the West Gate. He could hardly have taken a shorter cut than across this garden."

"Perhaps not—if both the garden doors are open at night."

"I don't think anybody ever saw them shut, my lord, night or day," answered Carter, with respectful persistency.

Theodore knew by the very look of the clumsy wooden doors, pushed back against the old wall, with rusty hinges, and with the tendrils of vine or plum tree growing over their edges, that the man was right. The gardens of this garden and the next garden led in a direct line to the west lodge, and it was this way by which the servants went on most of their errands to the village.

The one idea suggested by the choice of that hiding place was that the person who threw away that pistol was familiar with the premises. The well was about thirty feet away from the back and screened off in somewise by the old espaliers. There was a gap in the espaliers where an ancient and cankered apple tree had fallen out, and it was by this opening that the gardeners generally went to draw water. They had trodden a hard foot track in their going and coming.

It was always possible that a stranger exploring the grounds furtively and in haste might have been sharp enough to hit upon the well as a safe and handy hiding place. It would, of course, have been vital to the murderer to get rid of his weapon as soon as possible after the deed was done, lest he should be taken red-handed and with that piece of evidence upon him.

Theodore saw in that pistol with the initials "T. D." the confirmation of his theory against the husband of Mrs. Danvers, the one person in the world who had good ground for an undying hatred of Lord Cheriton and his family. He made no remark upon the discovery of the weapon, fearing to say too much; and he waited quietly to see how his kinsman would act in the matter. That ghastly change in Lord Cheriton's countenance as he examined the pistol, suggested that he had come to the same conclusion as Theodore. Remorse and horror could hardly have been more plainly expressed by the human countenance; and what remorse could be more terrible than that of the man who saw the sin of his youth visited upon his innocent daughter.

"Shall you take any steps with reference to this discovery?" asked Theodore, when they had gone half way back to the house, in absolute silence.

"What steps can I take, do you think? Send for another London detective—or for the same man again, and give him this pistol? To what end? He would be no nearer finding the murderer because of the finding of the pistol."

"The initials might lead to identification."

"Did you never hear of such a thing as a second-hand pistol? And do you think an assassin would make use of a pistol with his own initials upon it to commit murder? I do not."

"Not the professional assassin—but we are all agreed that this murder was an act of vengeance—for some reason at present unknown—and the semi lunatic who would commit murder for such a motive would not be likely to do his work very neatly. His brain would be fevered by passion or alcohol, in all probability, and he would go to work blindly."

"That is no more than a theory, my dear Theodore, and my experience has shown me that such theories are generally falsified by fact. The murder was so far neatly done that the murderer got clear off, in spite of a most rigorous search. I doubt if the pistol, with initials which may belong to anybody in the world, will help us to track him after more than a year."

"Then you mean to do nothing in the matter?"

"I think not. I cannot see my way to doing anything at present—but if you like to take the matter to Scotland Yard and secure fresh impression it makes upon the experts there——"

"I should much like to do so. I cannot ignore the fact that so long as Sir Godfrey's murderer remains undiscovered, there is a possibility of peril for you and for Juanita, and for Juanita's child. No one can believe that deadly hatred is appeased—whether the man who killed your daughter's husband is not on the watch to kill you or your daughter—when he sees his opportunity?"

"As for myself, Theodore, I must take my chance. I would to God that they had struck me instead of Godfrey. It would have been better—a lighter chastisement. I have lived my life. I have done all I ever hoped to do in this world. A few years, more or less, could matter very little to me. And yet, life is sweet, Theodore, life is sweet! However heavily we may complain of it, we most of us would choose to finish our race."

There was infinite melancholy in his tone, the melancholy of a man who has drained dregs of a great despair darkening round him, the melancholy of a man who gives up the contest of life, and feels that he is beaten.

"Do not say anything to my wife about this business, he said, "let her be happy as long as she can. She has enjoyed this summer, and she is beginning to be something like what she was before that blow fell upon us. The advent of Juanita's baby has worked wonders. There is something to look forward to in that child's existence. Life is no longer a *cul-de-sac*."

"There is one thing to be done," said Theodore, after an interval of silence. "The bullet was kept, of course."

"Yes, it is in the possession of the police, I believe."

"Would it not be well to ascertain if it fits the pistol you have in your pocket?"

"Yes, I will go to the station to-morrow and look into that."

There was no more said about the pistol that evening. Theodore felt that it would be cruelty to dwell upon the subject, seeing that his kinsman had been deeply affected by the discovery, and that he was oppressed by a gloom which he strove in vain to shake off.

It was evident to Theodore that those initials on the pistol had a fatal significance for Lord Cheriton, that he recognized in that weapon the evidence of an injured husband's revenge, the long-hoarded wrath of a dogged vindictiveness, a hatred which was inextinguishable by time.

He told himself that the tardiness of that revenge might be accounted for by various contingencies, any one of which would lessen the improbability of that long interval between the wrong done and the retribution exacted. It might be that the murderer had been an exile, a wanderer in a distant world. It might be that he had been a criminal fretting himself against the bars of a British prison, nursing his anger in the dull, dead days of penal servitude. Such things have been.

It was clear to Theodore Dalbrook that in those initials upon the Colt's revolver lay the clue to the murderer, and that Lord Cheriton knew with horror from the revelation that those two letters might bring about. Yet, whatever evil might come upon the master of Cheriton out of the discovery, it was vital that the murderer should be found, lest his second crime should be more hideous than his first, and Theodore was resolved to bring all his power no effort in the endeavor to find him, living or dead.

"God grant that I may find a grave rather than living man," he thought, "for Cheriton's sake. God grant that he may be spared the humiliation of having his story told to all the world."

He went into Cheriton village early upon the following afternoon, and dropped in upon the doctor, an old inhabitant, whose father and grandfather before him had ministered to all the parish, rich and poor. Mr. Bogle, *par excellence* Dr. Bogle, was a bachelor, a spare, active man, with a mind as narrow and as expansive, a keen sportsman, and a good billiard player, a man whose lines had been set in pleasant places, for he had inherited a roomy old cottage, with capacious stabling, and twenty acres of the fattest meadow land in Cheriton parish, and he had early that kind of life which his soul loved. It would have been actually no gain to such a man to have changed places with Baron Rothschild or Lord Salisbury. He would have been in all that constitutes human happiness a loser by such an exchange. So cheery a nature was naturally popular in a narrow world like Cheriton, and Mr. Bogle was a general favorite, a favorite in polite society, and in the billiard room at the Cheriton Arms, which, in default of a club, served as the afternoon and evening rendezvous for lawyer, doctor, and the tenant-farmers of a gentlemanly kind—the frock-coat and trousers and tradespeople having their own particular meeting place at the Old Horse and Hounds, a small beer house at the end of the village. Theodore had known Mr. Bogle from his childhood, and the medical adviser was occasional dropper-in at the luncheon table in Cornhill, when business transactions with the lawyer or his business partner brought him to town. There was nothing unusual therefore in Theodore's afternoon call at the Dovecotes, a second-hand appellation which had been given to the doctor's domicile by his predecessor, who had devoted his later years to an ardent cultivation of Darks and Jacobins and other aristocratic birds, with prodigious wattles and who had covered a quarter of an acre of garden ground with pigeon-houses of various construction.

Theodore found Mr. Bogle smoking his afternoon pipe in the seclusion of his surgery. He had made a long morning round, had driven something between twenty and thirty miles, and considered himself entitled to what he called his cum cum whisky and water, which refreshment stood on a small table at his elbow while he lolled in his capacious easy chair.

"I was coming to see you, Theodore," he said, insisted on calling for another syphon, and having another little table arranged at the elbow of the other easy chair.

"Make yourself comfortable, old chap, and let us have a jaw," he said. "I haven't seen you for ages. Are you at the Chase?"

They talked of the usual village topics, glanced at the great world of politics, speculated upon the prospects of the shooting season, and then Theodore approached the real business of his visit.

"There is a fellow I am interested in from a business point of view," he began, "who has been hanging about this place, off and on, for the last five-and-twenty years. I believe, though I have never happened to see him, he is a drinking man, and altogether a bad lot; but it is my business to hunt him down."

"On account of some property I suppose?"

"Yes, on account of some property. Now, I know what an observer you are, Bogle, what a wonderful memory you have——"

"I haven't wasted it up in London," interjected Bogle. A week in Oxford street and the Strand would take ten years off my memory. It's pretty clear at present that, by God, Well, now, what about this fellow, what kind of a fellow is he—a gentleman or a cad?"

"He was once a gentleman, but he may have tumbled pretty low by this time. He was going down the hill at a good pace five-and-twenty years ago."

"Egad then he must be at the bottom of the hill, I take it. What is he like—fat or lean, dark or fair, short or tall?"

"A tall man, fair complection, a man who was at the Arms one night—six—eight—upon my word I believe it must have been ten years ago. A man who put on a good deal of side, though his clothes were not well seedy—ragged edges to his trousers, don't you know—and though his hand shook like an aspen leaf. I stared a fifty pence with him, and I should think though I beat him easy, that he had once been a fine player. He was in wretched form, poor creature, but——"

"Ten years ago, do you really think it was as long ago you saw him?"

"I know it was. It would be in seventy-four, that was the year Potter was returned for Weymouth. I remember we were all talking of the election the night that fellow was there. Yes, I remember him perfectly, a tall, fair man, a wreck, but with the traces of former good looks. I fancy he must have been a soldier. He slept at the Arms that night, and I met him rather early next morning, before nine o'clock, coming away from the Chasemain him within ten yards of the west lodge."

"Did he talk about Lord Cheriton?"

"A good deal—talked rather wild too—and would have blackguarded your cousin if we hadn't shut him up pretty sharply. He pretended to have been intimate with him before he made his way at the Bar, and he talked in the venomous way a man who has been a failure very often does talk about a man who has been a success. It's only human nature, I suppose. There's a spice of venom in human nature."

"Have you never seen this man at Cheriton since that occasion—never within the last ten years?"

"Never, and I should be inclined, looking at the gentleman from a professional point of view, to believe that he must have been under the turf for a considerable portion of that period. I don't think there could have been three years' life in the man I played billiards with that evening. Hard lines for him, poor beggar, if there was property coming to him. He looked as if he wanted it bad enough."

"What had he been doing at the Chase, do you suppose?"

"I haven't the least idea. I was driving in my cart when I passed him. I looked back and watched him for two or three minutes. He was walking very slowly, and with a languid air, like a man who was not much used to walking. Ten years—no, Theodore—I don't think it's possible such a shaky subject as that could have lasted ten years. One certainly does see very miserable creatures crawling on for years after they have been ticketed for the undertaker—but this man—no—I don't think he could hold out long after that October morning. I fancy he was booked for a quick passage."

"He may have pulled himself together, and turned over a new leaf."

"Too old, and too far gone for that."

"Or what if he had done something bad and got himself shut up for a few years?"

"Penal servitude do you mean? Well, that might do something! It's a very severe regimen for the habitual drunkard—and it means, I fancy—in this case I should say decidedly kill."

"But it might cure."

"I should think the chances of cure were as two in two hundred. I won't say it would be impossible, not having examined the patient—but to the best of my knowledge and belief, anything, observation taught me that the case was hopeless."

"And yet it is my belief that this man was at Cheriton some time last year. You know everybody, and talk to everybody, my dear Bogle. I wish you'd find out for me whether I am right?"

"I'll do my best," answered Mr. Bogle cheerfully. "If the man has been seen by anybody in the village I ought to be able to hear about him. Everybody was tremendously on the *qui vive* last year after the murder, and no stranger could have escaped observation."

"Perhaps not—but before the murder——"

"Anybody who had been seen shortly before the murder would have been remembered and talked about. You can have no idea of the intense excitement that event caused among us. We seemed to talk of nothing else, and to think of nothing else for months."

"And you suppose that if the man I want had been about—for a few hours only, just long enough to come and go away at about that time, he would have been observed and remembered?"

"I am sure of it. He would have inevitably been taken for the murderer. Remember, we were all on the alert, ready to fix the first suspicious-looking person with the crime."

"Do you think Johnson would remember the man?" Johnson was the proprietor of the Cheriton Arms.

"My dear fellow, did you ever find Johnson's memory available about any transaction six months after the event? Johnson's memory is steeped in beer, buried in flesh. Johnson is a perambulating tower of forgetfulness—a circumambulatory hogshead of stupidity. I wonder I can tell you the Christian name of his grandmother, and I would venture a new hat he would be unable to answer you. There is nothing to be got out of the mine host of the Cheriton Arms. Be sure of that."

"I'm afraid you're right," said Theodore.

He felt as if he had come to a point at which there was no thoroughfare. There was the pistol with the initials "T. D.," and he had made up his mind that the man for whom those initials had been engraved was the man who gave his name as Danvers when he called upon the housekeeper at the Chase, and who had been known for years as Mrs. Danvers. He had made up his mind that this man and no other had murdered Godfrey Carmichael—that many years after the wife's death the husband had returned from exile or imprisonment, embittered so much the more vindictive, so much the more malignant for all that he had suffered in that interval, and had taken the first opportunity to attack a hated household. That he would strike again if he should be allowed to live and be at large Theodore had no doubt. A second murder, and a third murder, seemed the natural sequence of the first. He remembered the murders of the Jermys at Stanfield Hall—the savage hatred which tried to slay four people, two of whom were utterly unconcerned with the wrong that called for vengeance. In the face of such a story as that of the murders of Stanfield Hall, who could say that Theodore's apprehension of an insatiable malignity, wreaking itself in further bloodshed, was groundless?

He left the Dovecotes disheartened, hardly knowing what his next step was to be, and very hopeless of tracking a man who had so contrived to be unseen upon his deadly errand. He must have come and gone verily like a thief in the night, sheltered by darkness, meeting no one and yet there was the evidence of the servants at the inquest, who swore to having heard mysterious footsteps outside the house late at night upon more than one occasion shortly before the murder. If the murderer had been about upon several nights, creeping round by the open windows of the reception rooms, watching his opportunity, what had he done with himself in the day, where had he hidden himself, how had he evaded the prying eyes of a village, which is all eyes, all ears for the unexplained stranger?

(To be Continued.)

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He fumbled with the dead latch key
In mental aberration;
He had forgotten his coughed he,
"I've lost the combination."

"A time lock that," his wife's voice said,
Which added to his sorrow;
"And it is when I wish to bed
For six o'clock, to-morrow."

He Was Determined to Have His Money.

Judge Wilson has a little story that contains considerable meat. The style in which he tells it is about as follows: A man in New York named Levy stood on a criminal indictment. The case appeared to be decidedly against him. A few of his friends collected $5,000, and, finding a man on the jury who was known to be dishonest, they informed him that if he would succeed in having brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree they would give him the money. He thought sure they would be a verdict of murder in the first degree. Well, the case finally went to the jury, which remained out forty-eight hours.

As the story goes, their man, whose name was Cohen, went to the friends of Levy and claimed the $5,000, which was paid him.

"Look here," said one of them, "how was it that jury was out so long? Why, we were almost frightened to death."

"Why there were eight of those d——d fools wanted to acquit Levy," said Cohen, "but you bet I had them bring in a verdict of murder in the second degree."

From Bohemia to Arcadia.

Vale Boheme!

Shaking the dust of Sodom from my sandals and snapping my fingers at Vanity Fair, I put on my sackcloth shirt, dropped my lorgnette in the East River from an Erie Railroad ferryboat, and *accelerando*, pressed my face to I am. Mass hill-locked, lilac-fanned, woolen-shirted on the shores of Bucholia.

I have pulled the little table up to the window, so that the yellow jackets from the wisteria vine can remind me of you. Every time one of them drops on my pen and makes an etching of my chirography, I think of you. How you jumped and screamed, dear girl, if one of them only wound his mellow horn at a safe distance. What a lover of Nature you were! How you got under the bed when the shower came up, and climbed a tree in your riding habit when you mistook the pet heifer for a bull. Shall I ever forget the divine instinct and good taste of that mosquito that came all the way from the Jersey flats the moment you arrived! Will time ever efface from my memory the day you went in bathing with a parasol! Never!

How you luxuriated in my domain, didn't you! and tried to pick cherries off the chestnut trees, and sat on the piazza in dove-colored boots and murmured praises of out-doors with a net over your face. How you pretended to admire me in a flannel shirt, all the while you were wondering in your heart why men couldn't be sensible and wear their dress coats while they were digging potatoes. How you squeezed out a tear of regret when you went away, and shook hands with the nanny goat and lingered at the gate to pluck one yellow calendula for a souvenir and then hurried off to the city as if you had been liberated from a desert.

But I forgive you.

If we had both liked the same things we couldn't have liked each other, could we?

Never did we beat as one, except when we disagreed. One sentiment only was in common. Do you remember it?

"You were a fool, and I was a fool in our kingdom by the sea."

I shouldn't have got into this vein, if, when I threw the shutters open in this little room and let the summer sun in once more, I had not seen everything as you left it. The chair with the chintz covering, and the indented cushion was here at the table in the very same position, and the footstool under the table where your dove-colored boots had rested, was undisturbed, and there on the turned-over volumes of Wake Robin, which you nearly broke your little heart trying to read, because I said it was Nature's pure gold, was the torn envelope of the letter which had been the cause of all our quarrel.

Coming back suddenly on these fixed facts in the past, one begins to think of all the things that have happened since.

There had that chair been waiting, and that turned over book lying through all the months of the winter and fall.

A thousand events, a thousand interests, a thousand new associations—heavens, what a lot of experiences. Since I jumped up out of that seat and you dropped your head on Wake Robin and did your hysterics.

It is just like my morbid fancy to think I can see the marks of your crocodile tears on the green cover of that book yet.

Well I brought my letters up and put them on the table, and got the kerosene lamp ready, so that when the sun went down over the Passamunk hills, I could draw in all the bugs with its ray. How you hated kerosene lamps and bugs!

I thought it was odd that anybody should write me letters to this deserted place, and I saw by the post-marks that some of them must have lain there in the hall-box for months, for I had not told Harris to forward them, never thinking that anybody but the roadmaster or the school-tax collector would write to me at this box. But there was one of them that looked familiar. That was yours. It was written last September. Let me see, we quarreled in July. You went away in August. You must have written this letter just about one week after you got to New York.

I don't mind telling you now that the familiar handwriting gave me a curious turn. How could I help it, coming back to this place, finding everything reminding me of you, and then picking up a dead letter from you that had been waiting all these months!

Do you know what I did? I held it in my hand with the little mauve seal unbroken, I sat down in your chair, and with the yellow jackets humming round me in spite of my cigar I went off into a reverie. You were an awfully jolly girl, Maud, and no mistake. The memory of you was like a stream, and I floated on it back to Bohemia. Something crisp and dainty in those summer breakfasts on the verandah at Cape May. Was ever Moet and Chandon so Falernian as then—half salt sea ozone and half sunshine. I used to think your eyes were the true ultramarine, and your lips the true coral, and in your bewitching crepe and lace you were as foamy as Aphrodite. I must have been bewitched, eh! I remember how mad I was that night at the opera when Coleman put your wrap on. And how we enjoyed those suppers at Bianchi's!

Do you remember Mary Sanson, the maid who used to come down across the fields and bring us the early blueberries, which you were so fond of in milk? You said she had big feet and stared like an ox at one. Well, just as I tore open the envelope of your letter, she called to me from the lawn. She looked very quaint and simple on the greensward. I'll tell you presently what she said.

I read your letter. Something between the lines of it like fate. Mind you, I don't think it was altogether sincere. When you said you were sorry and heart-broken and wanted to see me, I think you mistook the depth of your emotions. They never were very deep, and I suppose that you fulfilled your threat to go off with the ——— combination if you did not hear from me. But you see I did not get the letter, for I left here almost soon as you did. I could not have staid here alone, and Mrs. Harris was down with the rheumatism, and my sister Nancy wanted to go to Florida before the fall set it.

What might have taken place if I had got your letter heaven only knows! It all seems so long ago now that I hardly know how to tell you what has taken place.

Let me see: I must go over all the things that have been done since you were here, because I want you to see that your requests have been complied with, and that I am not such a vindictive fellow as you might imagine. You say that you want your pony kept on the place and not sold, because you fear other people would not be kind to him. Well, he is here yet. I can see Mary now, feeding him with the sugar, down on the meadow lawn.

As for the jasmine that you planted, it has grown up the bay window to where your bird-cage hung, and I can hear your mocking-bird calling for you now. The summer house that you copied from the English book is finished. I am going down there after I finish this letter, to see if the goldfish that we brought up that jolly afternoon in the phaeton are all alive. The English poppies have all come up, and the calendula that you planted are gleaming like gold along the blue road. Harris has cut out the trees on the knoll just as you wanted them cut, so that you could see the bit of river from this window.

So you see nothing has been disturbed. The tennis stuff lies in the barn, the croquet mallets and stakes are all heaped up in the boathouse, and your tennis shoes are there under the window now. I cannot help recalling how beautiful you looked in your new tennis suit, and how proud I was of you when the Ashleys came over that morning. You will remember the morning, because it was then you told Kate Ashley you were engaged, and refused her brother's invitation to go to the Meadowhurst hunt.

It was a jolly summer picnic, I must acknowledge, and I can't help looking at it all somewhat tenderly now, with your book lying here where you left it, and your little tennis shoes peeping out there under the window.

Nor can I help recalling the wrench, the bitter disappointment, the fifty letters I wrote to you, and then tore up. Heigh ho! as you used to say, how giddy we were. Why, I actually sat down there in the dining room, in the cool autumn evenings, with the log spattering in the fire place, and used to coax myself that you would write and try to make it all up.

And you did. Didn't you? And I never knew it. You know, little woman, I somehow felt that you couldn't tear up in a minute all the thousand little roots that had grown out from our intimacy. Somehow I hugged the notion that you would be sure to send for your pony, and then I'd get a chance to reply, and somehow it would all be patched up.

Do you know, I saw you twice after that? But, of course, you know, for you saw me. I can understand now that you thought I had received your letter and had not answered it, and I can understand now why you assumed such indifference. I was in a box and had a notion that you would be sure to send for your pony, and then I'd get a chance to reply, and somehow it would all be patched up.

Do you know, I saw you twice after that? But, of course, you know, for you saw me. I can understand now that you thought I had received your letter and had not answered it, and I can understand now why you assumed such indifference. I was in a box and had a notion that you would be sure to send for your pony, and then I'd get a chance to reply, and somehow it would all be patched up.

I'm going to tell you presently. First I want to tell you how the sight of your beautiful face affected me that night. I did not think of Fuschia Leech. I was thinking of the old road over the mountain and down into the glen, of the long ride in the phaeton when we let the pony go where he would, and we took no heed of his going, but sat hand in hand and talked of what we would do next summer.

Next summer! Good gracious! This is the next summer, Maud.

Isn't it funny how quickly the romance of a season with all its earnestness and all its projects slips into the dust-bin of memory? I thought then, that if you went out of my reach chaos would come again. Do you remember how I used to wait for you at the depot with the pony half an hour before the train came in, and how you used to twit me with it?

Well, it's better as it is, sweetheart! I've read about you in the papers. Sometimes I put my foot on the paragraphs and winced. But I suppose you were happy, or you thought you were, but, do you know, I think the pony now and then cocks his ears when he hears the railroad whistle, as if he thought you might come back yet, and bring some sugar in your pocket.

There. I've written out the fantasy. Your dead letter seemed to deserve it. It may help to clear up some things, so good-bye.

O, yes! I promised to tell you what Mary Sanson said to me from the lawn.

It was only this: "Come down, my dear; the pony is waiting and the glen will be lovely this morning."

By the way, the society woman that you saw in the box was Mary.—*Nym Crinkle in N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.*

Nothing Wrong About This.

A—I tell you that mathematics is an incontrovertible science; in fact, it is logic itself! For instance, suppose it takes one man twelve days to build this wall, then twelve men can finish it in one day.

B—Certainly; therefore, 288 in an hour, 17,280 in a minute, and if 1,036,800 men set to work, the wall will be up in a second—*i.e.*, before a single brick can be got into its place.

They Got Thirty Days.

Two very dirty tramps were arrested one night by the police, and locked up over night.

At the police court in the morning the Judge frowned at them, and the court officers handled them as if they were fragile. One of them was a wit.

"Where do you live?" asked Prosecutor Wilson of the older tramp.

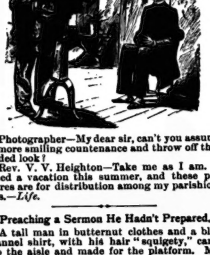
"Nowhere."

"And where do you live?" he asked of the younger tramp.

"I've got the room above him."

"I'll give you thirty days in the workhouse to prepare to move your residence" said the Judge severely, while the reporters laughed.

Strategy.



Photographer—My dear sir, can't you assume a more smiling countenance and throw off that jaded look!

Rev. V. V. Heighton—Take me as I am. I need a vacation this summer, and these pictures are for distribution among my parishioners.—*Life.*

Preaching a Sermon He Hadn't Prepared.

A tall man in butternut clothes and a blue flannel shirt, with his hair "squigety," came up the aisle and made for the platform. Mr. Woodyard tapped me on the shin, saying: "That's our minister."

The good man tossed his sombrero hat on the floor, stood to one side of the desk and opened his sermon.

"Brethren and sisters—On account of sickness in the parish the past week, I have not prepared a sermon, but on my way here through Brother Lane's field I picked up this rock and also this nut"—both of which he produced from the side pocket of his coat—"and now I will give you uns a parable from these. I take the rock and break the rind of the nut, which represents the Methodist Church, and the rind is unfit for use. Next I break the shell, and this represents the Hard-shell Baptists; this also is no good and only fit to put under the heels of men. Next I subtract the vitality and life, the kernel of the nut, which represents our Church, the old Presbyterian, and break the shell"——

Here he stopped, and the kernel fell out as rotten as sin. The congregation whooped and yelled like Kansas cowboys, became boisterous and were dismissed. The deacon took the writer by the arm, walked up and down the street, saying: "Why didn't he take a gimlet and bore that nut before he gave that parable? Say, brother, let's take a drink," and if the writer had minded him he would have been slightly ailing by eight o'clock.

The Course of Justice.

—*N. Y. Life.*

It Might Be Thus.

To cure snoring it is advised that a piece of soap be dropped into the mouth of the snorer. The oil in the soap will lubricate the pharynx and other Latin parts of the throat. It strikes us that this remedy had better be applied with caution, else the snorer might arise and lubricate the floor with the man who dropped in the soap.

'Twas Then He Felt It.

"Have you ever felt, George," she said, dreamily, "that notwithstanding the beauty of this world—the fragrance of the flowers, the melodious songs of its birds, the sublimity of the mighty ocean—that it has seemed full of emptiness to your weary, struggling soul?"

George—I have, dear, just before dinner!

He Might Come Out of the Woods.

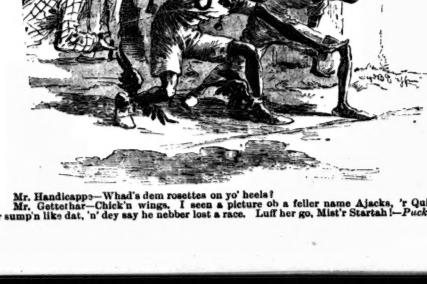
A lady poet, who is described as quite young and pretty, gushes: "I would kiss and kill you, could I find you." Under the circumstances we think the young man should come out of the woods. It would be capital punishment to be kissed to death by a pretty young lady—and besides, it might not prove fatal, after all.

The Considerate Mother.

Husband (punishing Tommy)—I'll teach you to be impudent. (Whack! Whack!) Take that (Whack! Whack!) Oh, you needn't bawl. I'm not half done with you yet. (Whack.)

Wife—Don't beat the poor little fellow so unmercifully. He's got his Sunday pants on.

Just Before the Sprinting Start.



Mr. Handicapp—What's dem rosettes on yo' heels?

Mr. Getzethar—Chick'n wings. I seen a picture ob a feller name Ajacks, 'r Quicksilver, 'r sump'n like dat, 'n' dey say he nebber lost a race. Luff her go, Mist'r Startah!—*Puck.*

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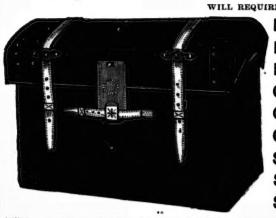

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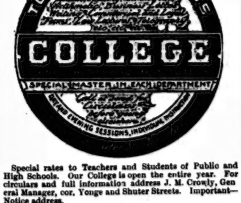

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VOL. II] TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1889. [No. 31

A Dominion Day Reverie.

On Monday Canada will complete her twenty-second birthday as a Dominion. From Cape Breton to Vancouver there will be a suspension of toil; the plough will stand in the furrow and the engine and the workshop will be silent. In many cities and towns and villages there will be celebrations of the day, of lesser magnitude than the demonstration for which Toronto is preparing. Many a man, woman and child will make Monday a day of pleasure and recreation without thinking much of the reason why the first day of July is selected for that purpose. Had our national (if it may be called such) holiday been purchased with the blood of our fathers the reason for celebrating it would more vividly be remembered.

The Canada of Confederation is far from being the Canada of 1889. How many were visionary enough twenty years ago to dream of the actualities of the present? The great western plain was then to the inhabitants of the older provinces largely an unknown land. To-day it furnishes bread to thousands of their children. The towns of that day have sprung into great cities; the villages into busy towns. Where deep forests overshadowed the earth the wheat is ripening now. The song of the stage driver and the crack of his whip are drowned in the whirr of the locomotive and the shriek of its brazen voice. Where the old log school house stood, an edifice of brick or frame now rears its modest head. The boy has grown a man, the girl, a woman and

"The race of yore
That danced our infancy upon their knee,"

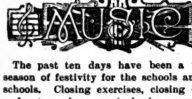
and to whom we owe so much, the fathers and mothers from lands across the sea, have gone, most of them to build up the populations of "the silent cities of the dead."

Canada has reached her twenty-second birthday with much the same unsettled feelings which disturb most young men at that age. There must be a change in his life and he is uncertain what form it will take. So it is with our country. There is much said and much written at present as to the best kind of change to make. Meanwhile out on the farms and in the villages, in the fields and in the forests the development of a nationality is silently and irresistibly going on. It is like a slow-moving tide, retarded here and there by obstacles in the shape of foreigners,—people who have immigrated—but it rises slowly, and the obstruction is soon overturned by the flood. A strong national life is to be found in the country places, and there now, and for many years, will be found the purest type of Canadian. The plant that grows there is indigenous to the soil. In the cities it is largely affected by foreign and artificial influences. A silent man is always interesting. If he is a fool he is not a bore, and if not a fool he is apt to think for himself. The silent thinker listens to his garrulous—and probably light-headed—friend, smiles at his fallacious arguments and chimerical schemes, then goes and does exactly as he pleases. The Canadians are somewhat a silent people. The most of the talking about Canada's future has been done by foreigners, and by foreigners is meant all but Canadian-born and Canadian-reared people. Englishmen and Scotchmen, and Irishmen—some with little or no experience of our country have aired their opinions with the utmost confidence. Americans have not been backward in saying their say. But during all the hub-bub on this important question few genuine Canadians, with Canadian sympathies and educated in Canada have given expression to their opinions, except when crowded into an opinion by others. However they have done some solid thinking, and, looking deeper into the subject, see forces maturing which some day must overwhelm the many schemes of the superficial talkers and writers.

An adopted child may be very dear but can it ever be to the mother as the "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh?" An Englishman makes a prosperous, peaceful and intelligent Canadian citizen, but in spirit he is likely to remain an Englishman. The same with other nationalities. They would be false to the first principles of human nature did they not. Now and for years to come the foreign element in our population will be large. The absence of a national Canadian spirit is already deplored. The poverty of our national literature is lamented. Can a national Canadian spirit be evoked by settling a Scotchman by an Englishman, an Irishman by a Scotchman, a German by an Irishman, and a native Canadian by all four? How can a national literature flourish like our own Canadian thistle, when half our literary men and women are natives of countries separated from this by three thousand miles of ocean, and divided from us in a less material way by a thousand different conditions of life. Beside this, many native Canadians have inherited a large share of the national spirit of their fathers, and in their admiration of the heritage of glory pertaining to the "land of their sires" they threaten to outdo the natives of that land. But while it is an excellent thing to have a just appreciation of the heritage of fame which belongs to every descendant of a Briton, I think a Canadian is false to himself and to his posterity when he allows his pride and respect for his native land to be eclipsed by undue reverence for the traditions of a land which perhaps he never saw.

I do not intend to give my opinion here of what the future of Canada will be. These few disjointed thoughts were suggested by the approach of Dominion Day and I hope that the day may be celebrated throughout the length and breadth of this vast country by Canada's native and adopted children with the enthusiasm befitting the anniversary of the day which inaugurated the rearing of a mighty nation.

VAN.



The past ten days have been a veritable season of festivity for the schools and music schools. Closing exercises, closing concerts, and extra *soirees musicales* have provided us with music which, if not as rich in artistic worth as the great events which have preceded them, are none the less interesting as showing the proficiency of our schools and of their modes of teaching, as well as displaying the budding talent of the students, and affording an endless source of proud gratification to their parents and friends. To one who has been obliged to attend most of the musical entertainments of a long and busy season, these comparatively immature efforts do not convey unalloyed pleasure, but sympathy with all musical beginners who show ambition and persistence will reconcile him even to the poorest of these exhibitions.

*

Unfortunately on Thursday evening, both Conservatory and College had their concerts, so that being devoid of the talent of ubiquity, I could attend only part of each entertainment, and that attendance, under the circumstances above noted, was rather that of an observer than that of a critic. The College received my first attention. The platform of the Pavilion was tastefully arranged and decorated, and was further graced by a very efficient chorus, and a small but good orchestra. The programme was opened by a chorus, O Goodness Infinite, from the oratorio, The Fall of Man, by Mr. Clarence Lucas, one of the College faculty. It is an interesting work, conceived and carried out in scholarly manner, and was well sung by the chorus. The instrumentation especially called forth my admiration, but I found the fugal theme at the close of the chorus rather sombre. The piano playing of the College pupils was extremely good, and the singing was also of considerable excellence. An addition to the professional talent of the city made his *debut* in the person of Herr Ernst Mahr, solo violoncellist, from the Berlin, Germany, School of Music, who has joined the staff of the College. Herr Mahr has technical excellence and a good tone, as far as the powers of his instrument will permit, and gave a decidedly pleasing rendering of two numbers by Popper, Devotion and Fairy Dance. At this concert Messrs. Field, Vogt, Forsyth, Carl Martens, Torrington and Haslam were represented by their pupils.

*

After a short stay at the College concert, I went the recital at Association Hall given by Mr. W. H. Sherwood of New York. Mr. Sherwood made his second annual visit to the Conservatory to make the examinations of the piano students of that institution, and this recital was given under its auspices. Mr. Sherwood played a programme of great variety and of sterling excellence. His custom of prefacing his playing with remarks concerning both composer and piece is one that must commend itself. His playing is clear and neat, though rather level in conception, not showing as much contrast in manner as might be expected of an artist with his reputation. His playing of the Chopin Sonata, op. 35, however, pleased me immensely, especially his rendering of the great Funeral March. Valuable assistance was rendered by Mons. F. Boucher, who played Prume's great Faust Fantasie most excellently. This work is, I take it, Prume's best, and while giving many of the Faust beauties, their treatment is masterly and artistic to a degree, and Mons. Boucher always plays it *con amore*. He was deservedly encored and gave an interesting little cantabile piece in response, being well sustained in both instances by Mme. Boucher at the piano. Pupils of Signor D'Auria afforded vocal variety to the programme to the pleasure of the audience.

*

On Monday evening the Conservatory gave a soiree musical of its pupils at Association Hall, with a decidedly good showing as to the pianists. Mr. Edward Fisher and Mr. Preston may claim credit for the good work of the pupils. In the vocal department Mrs. Bradley and Signor D'Auria were represented with similar good results. A pleasing feature was the violin playing of Misses Lena Hayes and Lillie Norman, pupils of Mons. Boucher.

*

Mr. John Hague sends me the following in regard to the "cannon" accompaniment at the Gilmore concert:

Some persons cannot distinguish noise from music, they judge sound by its loudness and intensity. Hence they object to the *criticisms* of those who have cultivated ears which to them are absolutely destitute of any meaning, as the *criticisms* of a critical judge of painting are *mere nonsense* to the average sight-seer.

If Metronome will read the above quietly he will discover that it is not *ears* that are said to be destitute of meaning (though that is a fact in cases of those who love gunpowder explosions in music) but *criticisms* by those who have cultured ears are without meaning to those who delight in cannon explosions.

Metronome should not insult those who seek to protect music from vulgarity. God knows the art is at a fearfully low ebb now, and all lovers of music should stand firm in resisting every attempt to debase it in order to draw a crowd of savages—savages that is in art.

As you are giving us musical items, you might name, that when next, "Watchman, will the night soon pass," is sung in Toronto, it will have a watchman's rattle accompaniment, such as I have heard it used to accompany it with this musical instrument. The effect no doubt will be even more startling and inspiring than the cannon business.

JOHN HAGUE.

Mr. Hague is well-known in Toronto as an earnest and zealous worker in the cause of good music, but it is always possible to go too far in a good cause, and it is also possible to a train at gnats. No one can possibly say that the singing of a National Anthem with cannon obligato will hurt good music. There are many other wind mills in Toronto more serious in their ill effect that Mr. Hague may well sharpen his lance for. I must confess to a sense of involved meaning in both Mr. Hague's quotation and his explanation.

The music publishing business in Toronto thrives. I have a new song by Mr. Giuseppi Dinelli, the words by Mrs. Charlotte Jarvis, entitled Farewell. It is a pretty song written in a popular vein, and within the power of most singers. Nordheimers send me the King of Kings, by Alfred Rawlings, reverent in feeling yet militant and powerful in expression, as suggested by the title, it is a strong addition to our list of sacred songs. The same firm has published the Matador, by E. St. Quentin, a fine song for baritone with a refrain in bolero movement, It will make a very good concert song.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

I take the following extract on theatrical managers from *The Theater*, one of the brightest of the New York weeklies which devote themselves particularly to the theatrical profession. The writer evidently regards the drama in its purest type as a very necessary and desirable factor in modern life and his vigorous protest against saddling public taste with the reproach of demanding "side shows" is well worthy of consideration. He says: "There is nothing the stage requires to-day so much as artistically educated and directing brains in its administrative department, instead of the mere speculators, who almost invariably neglecting, if not absolutely pooh-poohing art, enter the arena of managership for the sole purpose of making money.

"Now, I contend that a man of judgment may still keep an eye on the dollars, without outraging every sense of artistic effort, in the scramble to put before the public the coarse and vulgar entertainments which too often force themselves before the attention of the hungry patrons of amusements, by their flaunting announcements, under the delusion that the public will have no other. It is an insult to their good taste, for it is in evidence that they will patronize artistic and clever productions. Comedy, so-called, has degenerated, through the debased taste of this class of speculative managers, to little else than buffoonery, or the art of tying up wit, in an entanglement of grotesque legs and the antics of the clown.

"Is this the boast of the latter part of the 19th century, that men and women are so shallow in their intelligences that they cannot understand or appreciate true wit and humor, the result of the higher attributes of intellectual training or quick, perceptive intuition? It cannot be. Again I say, it is a libel upon the body politic. Mankind is hungry for amusements. The more the business and routine of active life engages their attention, the more need there is that they should be amused. Their nervous forces need refreshment, as much as do their physical ones. They hunger for it. If you place before persons whose appetites desire food, a coarse meal they will eat, from necessity—but if you serve them with choice and delicious morsels, rendered doubly attractive by their artistic manipulation, how much more delightful will be their repast!

"It is the same with amusement. Witness the delight experienced by all classes in witnessing an entertainment where artistic taste and adornment surrounds with judicious and appropriate selection the efforts of truly great artists. They catch the inspiration of the wit, the sarcasm, the spiritual, the sentiment and the heroic with delight, and lend their aid, in impulsive, enthusiastic and generous response and plaudits, to the efforts of the artistic performers.

"This can be seen during every season, confirming the good that exists in the multitude, when an artist of merit steps out, somewhere, before them. It is a gross libel, I say again, to belittle public opinion with the imbecile rot, too often thrust into some of our best theaters, where by the lavish expenditure of money upon grotesque and sometimes humorous printing they arrest the attention of the multitude, who, having nothing else attractive before them, allow themselves thoughtlessly to be carried away by the seductive advertising. By the way, in almost every instance of this kind of entertainment, the real merit of humor and so-called satire will be found in the pictures of the advertisements—created, no doubt, by the artist who designed and drew them—rather than the merits of the comedies (!) themselves."

*

A writer in the *Mercury*, speaking of the late John Gilbert, says: "There was little romance in his composition, and there had been little 'adventure' in his career, yet one episode in his life was tinctured strongly with poetry and passion. It was during his brief stay in Paris, some forty years ago. He had already failed as a tragic actor and as a manager in America, and had already made a hit in London as a comedian. In the prime of life he took a trip across the Channel to study the French school of acting. He was never familiar with the French language; he was not a clever linguist; but at least he succeeded in making himself understood by one little French actress, a Mlle. Freyon, one of the most petite, pretty and perfect comediennes of her time.

The big, burly Gilbert, forty years old, traveled and experienced, fell in love with the little, young soubrette who had never left Paris, and she reciprocated the attachment. She taught or tried to teach him French, while he, with more success, taught her how to conjugate the verb "to love." The two had a happy time of it together for a few short weeks, and John Gilbert had serious thoughts of marrying the little Frenchwoman and giving up America altogether, residing permanently in Paris, alternately with London, his wife (to be) capitivating one great capital while he charmed the other.

But one night, while performing in Paris, Mlle. Freyon attracted the attention of a wealthy Russian. She cared nothing for the man or his money, but her old mother and father, with whom she lived, and who were as mean and mercenary as are the average Frenchman and Frenchwoman of the middle class, insisted upon their daughter giving up "that English actor" and marrying the rich Russian.

Had she been an American or even an English girl, the pretty little actress would have asserted her own rights to her happiness and husband, especially as it was her own earnings which supported the entire family. But being in the French school of domestic training, her parents were supreme, and Mlle. Freyon surrendered, though not without many a secret sigh, her bluff, burly American admirer and went off to St. Petersburg with the wealthy Russian who had bought her of her parents.

John Gilbert at once returned to London, never revisited Paris, and never saw or heard from his lost love again. He married twice, and lived happily with each good wife. And yet it may safely be said that John Gilbert never forgot his brief visit to Paris, or his brief paradise with his petite Parisienne.

*

Some of the greatest musical geniuses were filled with imaginary terrors. Mozart fancied he was environed by people anxious to poison him. Chopin and Meyerbeer dreaded being alone in the dark. Rossini was subject to fits of despondency, resulting from a fear of going mad. Gounod, when at work, is a victim to melancholy, and Donizetti is credited with having composed his most famous aria just after venting his rage by striking his wife.

*

Mrs. James Brown Potter before her departure from Chicago wafted a stinging barb at Chicago society. She said: "The papers call the play immoral, but the women come in crowds, sit in the boxes and chew gum and giggle."

*

Rose Coghlan denies that herself and husband have resolved to live apart by reason of incompatibility of temper. Miss Coghlan says that she has simply given up housekeeping because she will be on the road from August until May.

*

Parisian society has been agitated because a proposition has been under consideration to present Patti with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The Frenchmen ask: What has Patti done for France or French art?

*

The only successor to Patti now in sight, Sembrich, has returned to the operatic stage in Paris, after an absence of five years, and achieved an immense success. She sang Sonambula.

*

Mary Anderson is thirty years of age, and made her *debut* as Juliet when only sixteen.

*

Philadelphia will have eighteen theatres in full blast next October.

A Home on the Jersey Shore.

I was tramping along a Jersey highway in search of a farmhouse where they took summer boarders, when an old farmer came along in his two-horse wagon and asked me to ride. As soon as he discovered what my errand was, he exclaimed:

"Land-o-goshen, but you've jist hit the right man! I'll take you in myself. Got one of the resorteerest resorts on the hull coast. You shall live on the fat of the land and gain a pound a day."

"What do you ask for board?"

"Well, that's according. Want much sweet?"

"No."

"Care about a carpet in your room?"

"No."

"Eat with the family?"

"Yes."

"Very big eater?"

"No."

"Willing to live on meat and taters and sich like, eh?"

"Yes."

"Any objections to working in the garden an hour or two before breakfast to get your appetite up?"

"Not the slightest."

"Help load hay or stack wheat on a pinch?"

"Yes."

"Purty good at chopping wood?"

"That's my best hold."

"Kin ye milk?"

"I can."

"And when night comes you won't object to playing on that guitar and singing.

"No."

"Willing to pay for washing, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes."

"And for extra trouble, if you git sick?"

"Yes. How much will you charge me a week for board?"

"Cash in advance?"

"Yes."

"Agree to stay all summer?"

"Yes."

"Wall, stranger, I'll have to ask the old woman. I've thought of everything I could, but she's a great thinker, and will probably think of lots of other things, sich as only changing the sheets once a week, washing yourself at the cistern, being satisfied with husk pillows, and so on. Come and see me to-morrow and we'll talk it all over, and if I don't beat any hotel on the shore you can take my hat. You'll know my place by the sign on the gate, 'Old-fashioned Home.' Don't fail to close with me to-morrow, as we may be crowded this season."—*New York Sun.*

The Pleasant Recollections of a Spare Room.

"It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night in B——, at her house. "This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on; "first my husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillers, and poor Mr. Jinks died setting right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still. My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! He was a Spereitualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Spereitualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him; and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams."

A Howling Success.

Actor (who has recently returned from a season in Europe)—I heard you have had a new production at the house since I was with you.

Theater Owner—Yes, and it's a howling success, too.

Actor—What did you call it?

Theater Owner—Oh, my wife named it after me. It can walk now, although it isn't quite a year old yet.

A Capital Fashion.

Whipper—Come, come, my dear fellow, this will never do. I see you're wearing the same striped suit you had last summer.

Snapper—Well, what of it?

Whipper—Don't you know that the Prince of Wales has come out flat footed this season in favor of large checks!

Snapper—Of course I know it, dear boy. I'm in favor of large checks too, but as I haven't one I must bear my stripes with good grace. See?

An Old Dominion Day.

For Saturday Night.

Let's see! it's fifteen years about
This first day of July—
That circumstance keeps croppin' out
When Dominion Day draws nigh—
Us scholars had a holi ay,
An' I—durn little fool—
In them days thought one play day
Wuth half a year in school.

*

Guess I was 'bout eleven then,
An' litt's Ethel Clay
Used to come over now'n again
On holi ays to play.
There wuzn't many neighbors near,
No girls 'r boys, you see,
So I kind o' chummed with Ethel
An' Ethel was chum to me.

That day we was playin' hide-'n-seek,
An' Ethel was hid away;
When all of a sudden I heard a shriek
Behind a cock of hay;
An' sushin' roun' 'n quick 's scat,
I found her crouchin' there,
An' the big, white can'er-a-tryin' to eat
The little critter's hair.

Didn't take long to wring his neck—
Then I sat down by h r side,
An' smoothed her yellow ringlets back
An' soothed her while she cried.
She confided close to me an' laid
Her head upon my breast,
An' sobbin' said, "I like you, Ted,
Bitter 'n all the rest."

*

Well, time went on 'n Ethel 'n I
Wuz chummy as could be,
But by 'n by grew more shy
An' didn't feel so free.
An' fo'ks began to plague 'n tease
If I went up to Clay's
Or if we talked at church or bees
As we used in other days.

An' she grew prettier ev'ry day
With her lips 'n cheeks a glow,
With hazel eyes and yellow hair
An' little teeth white 's snow.
She'd allus plenty of beaux, you bet,
But they never disturbed my rest
For it seems 't 's if both of us didn't forget
She'd said she liked me best.

*

So one fine evenin' in June,
About this time o' year,
We sat outside—the cricket's tune
Was music to the ear—
I tol' the gal her tale and
If since she'd changed her mind;
An' 'f 're another hoss was past,
We'd th' bargain sealed and signed.

Yes, fifteen years have passed an' gone!
Now Ethel's voice I hear—
It says: "Here, papa, hold your son
For a minute, that's a dear!"
'N I think, when First Jul y comes r und,
I wuzn't s'ch a fool
When I thought that holiday was wuth
A half a year in school.

VAN.

The Cavalier's Rose.

In a garden by the sea,
Where the glow of beacon fires
Throws a gleam across the lea,
Lighting up the straggling briers,
Lifts a shaft of marble waite
High above the tangled grass,
Bending heavy in the night
With the damp of the morass.

In the summer when the gull
Spreads its pinions to the air,
Sails above the rotten hull
Of a vessel stranded there,
Near the garden by the wave,
Blooms a rose above the dead
Cavalier within his grave,
Its white petals splashed with red.

In the summer children play
In the g rden by the sea
Till the twilight pencils stray
Far across the gloamy lea;
In the summer lovers sit
Where the evening shadows fall,
Where the swallows skim and flit
Close along the rocky wall.

Every child it turns its head
When its playful footsteps pass
Near the white rose splashed with red
There among the tangled grass;
Every maiden softly sighs
When her lover leads her near
The blood-sprinkled rose that lies
'Bove the crumbling cavalier.

*

Years and years ago a knight
Riding quickly to the fray
Saw her hand, to his delight,
From a casement bid him stay.
And the maiden tossed a rose—
And 'twas found upon his breast,
Splashed with red the story goes,
When they laid hi.. to his rest.

*

In a garden by the sea
Blooms a white rose splashed with red;
'Tis the fisher's mystery
Of the cavalier th'a's dead.
And the casement where the maid
Beckoned him is covered o'er
By the ivies thickly laid
As about some rid r's door.

Kitty Neil.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew wet meadow valley;
While all the air sings with the soft, loving things
E ch little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

*

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye is the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And on the green the glad troops are seen,
Each gay plaited lad with his lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil,
Somehow, when he asked, she no'er thought of refusing.

*

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion.
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground,
The maids sweep around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now gayly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

*

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidity though their dark lashes so mildly
Your fair-turne'd arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
This night leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

Noted People.

Zola's new novel will have five murders in it.

The name of Spain's poet laureate is Don Jose Zorilla.

Miss Emily Faithfull gets a pension of $250 a year from the English government.

Walter Besant says it is necessary to practise writing verse before prose style is mastered.

Gen. Lew Wallace says there are two things of which he is immoderately fond—horse racing and baseball.

The attempt to raise a fund for the impoverished sisters of the late John Leech, the comic artist, has been a failure.

A clever Atlanta young lady has writen a story which she calls On the Rock. It will be dry reading for this weather.

Mrs. Langtry thinks of having Edgar Saltus' Eden dramatized as an addition to her next season's repertoire.

It is said that John Bright's papers will be treated as Lord Beaconsfield's have been, withheld from publication during the lifetime of the Queen.

Sir Chas. Russell, the famous counsel in the *Times* libel suit, has been offered $10,000 to deliver fifty lectures in the United States next season.

Lady Randolph Churchill has made her *debut* in literature with an article in *Longman's New Review* on her experience in Russian society life.

E. B. L. Dickens, son of Chas. Dickens the elder, is now turning his attention to politics and is desirous of becoming a member of parliament of New South Wales.

Prof. Tyndall, the scientist, is an Irishman, but an intense anti-home ruler. His family was originally English and the professor traces his ancestry to the great Tyndall who translated the Bible.

The ex-king Milan of Servia is going to write his autobiography with the intention of presenting the volume to his son, the present king, when the youth reaches his majority. It will doubtless be effective as a horrible example.

Frank Stockton, the author, lives at Madison, N. J. He finds the calm of the country more conducive to good literary work than the bustle of the city. He manages, however, to spend two months of the winter in town.

Whitelaw Reid, the American Minister to France, will unveil a small Bartholdi Statue of Liberty on the Isle of Swans on the Fourth of July. President Carnot and the French Cabinet have promised to attend.

Some Oriental presents which the Sultan of Morocco sent to the Emperor William of Germany were carefully examined by experts, who have discovered that, instead of being of Eastern origin, they were manufactured in Germany and France.

In remembrance of her good work for Hindu women, a number of large photographs of Lady Dufferin, done on porcelain and framed handsomely, are being distributed by subscription to most of the hospitals in India, where they will be hung in the wards.

The Emperor of China has presented his bride with an immense tiara of gold, with a very lofty cap of Siberian sable, embroidered with rows of pearls, and the feathers of the golden pheasant. Twenty skilled workmen were employed for two months in making the head-dress.

Christine Nilsson, Countess de Miranda, the once lovely Swede, has changed for the worse. She has not faded but she has fattened. Her face is broad, her features heavy and the expansion of her cheeks has diminished the apparent size of her once lustrous blue eyes. Her bright fair hair alone reminds the spectator of her former charms.

Mr. Gladstone has had his portrait painted thirty-five times. To him it is a pleasure to be painted by Millais, for whom sittings amounting to no more than five hours are enough for the most elaborate portrait. Mr. Gladstone likes sitting to Millais, "not because he talks, but because "to see him at work is a delight for the way in which he throws his heart and soul into it."

Princess Metternich, of Austria, is visiting Paris. The princess is the wittiest, most dangerous, brilliant, sarcastic and fascinating woman in Europe. She does the most eccentric things—to use a gentle adjective—and society applauds. To her is due the introduction of the circus among people of leisure. She is fond of smoking a pipe, and as she increases in years is more and more dependent on tobacco for consolation. She speaks a number of languages fluently, even the profane. Altogether she is the most picturesque woman in Europe.

Madame Boulanger is said to be devoting herself more than ever to religious practices and observances at Versailles, where she occupies a modest suite of rooms in the Rue de Satory. It would not be surprising, in fact, if the General's wife and her daughter Helene, who is also extremely devout, were to take the veil or retire permanently to some convent where ladies are received as boarders. An absurd rumor has been afloat to the effect that Madame Boulanger was obliged to work in order to support herself, but there is no truth in it. She has still a small annuity left out of the considerable fortune bequeathed by her father, who kept a large drapery establishment in Paris.

Foreign potentates and nobles do not disdain to pose as musical instrumentalists. Queen Victoria and the Princess Louise are fine organists, the Prince of Wales is a fair banjo player, the Princess of Wales is an artistic pianist, the Duke of Connaught is a good flutist, the Emperor of Russia is a fair cornetist, the Duke of Edinburgh fiddles at concerts, the Queen of Italy is a charming pianist, the Empress of Austria affects the zither. Prince Henry of Prussia is a composer and plays on violin and piano, the Queen of Roumania is good on both harp and piano, King George of Greece is clever with hand bells and wine glasses of various tones and sizes, and the Empress of Japan is exceedingly proficient on the koto, a large zither.

To the Woods.

PAINTED CUP.

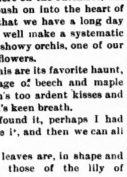
LOOK at the painted cup in its scarlet uniform; how its gay tufts stand all about the borders of the wood, like sentinels guarding the entrance to an enchanted forest. Unlike most flowers, its leaves are brighter colored than its blossoms, which are only little upheld green goblets whose edges are barely tipped with the ruddy hue that glows upon its leaves.

But don't let us wait here on the outskirts, but push on into the heart of the woods; for, now that we have a long day before us, we may as well make a systematic search for the lovely showy orchis, one of our most beautiful forest flowers.

Just such spots as this are its favorite haunt, where the thick foliage of beech and maple shelter it from the sun's too ardent kisses and temper for it the wind's keen breath.

If you have never found it, perhaps I had better try and describe it, and then we can all be on the look out.

Its two large lower leaves are, in shape and size, something like those of the lily of the valley, and, like them, their stalks are folded round the flower stem, which grows from six to eight inches high. On this are three or four quite small leaves from whose shelter launch out as many quaintly shaped and lovely white and purple flowers.



SHOWY ORCHIS.

When we were children and knew no name for it, we used to call it mad-dog, from a resemblance which we fancied the purple arched and over-hanging upper petal bore, to a dog's head and open mouth, and the white and purple-spotted under petal to his out-hanging tongue. I have not seen it for many years; perhaps I have not been in the woods at just its flowering time. We may be too late to find it now, for it sometimes blooms as early as the end of May or the first week in June, but it dreads a chill, so I fancy that fortnight of cold rains we had must have delayed its coming.

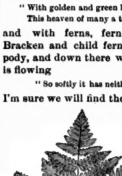
Ah, how delightfully cool it is under these trees

"With golden and green light glancing through
This heaven of many a tangled hue,"

and with ferns, ferns, ferns everywhere. Bracken and child fern, wood fern and polypody, and down there where that little stream is flowing

"So softly it has neither laugh nor song,"

I'm sure we will find the frail lady fern and the beautiful tiny froad that is called the oak leaf, though I cannot see that it bears any resemblance to its high-hanging namesake.



OAK LEAF FERN.

No; that's not a robin, but the woodthrush. Their voices are very like, are they not? And they well may be, for they are first cousins, you know, robin too, being really a thrush, and not at all related to what Wordsworth calls

"The pious bird with the scarlet breast,"

so loved by the children of three kingdoms.

Don't you notice that his singing is not only much sweeter, but has also greater melody than robin's gay whistle, though, like his, it is decidedly in the major key. For, like our own, bird music has its major and minor keys, which have, musicians say, identically the same intervals as ours.

It is to his using only the minor that the bluebird owes the exquisite plaintiveness and quite distinctive character of his song, which has for me a subtle charm I find in no other. The woodthrush's warbling is almost identical with it in phrasing and cadence, yet, owing to this change of key it is unmistakably different. In the opinion of most people he is the finest of our woodland choristers. His is undoubtedly the most extensive repertoire of sweet sounds, and often when he sings his even-song the ravishing sweetness of his sustained and varied trills and warbles makes me almost false to my azure-tinted first love. His gentle little wife is near, you may oe sure, perhaps their nest is in those low bushes over there, and we may chance upon it and get a glimpse of her four or five pretty greenish-blue eggs.

Let us rest here, girls, and unpack our luncheon basket, surely we can hope for no lovelier spot than this where the vine of the wild grape has twined,

"An arbor overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering."

How I wish we had found it when it was in blossom and all the woods were odorous with its exquisite mignonette-like perfume. Why, its trunk must be quite nine inches in circumference, and most likely it is over a hundred years since, a tiny shoot, it first pierced the earth.

Ready to start? Ah, well, I suppose we must, for the birds' noontide siesta is over, and they are tuning up for their afternoon concert and the object of tramp is still unfound. Yes, we may as well follow this stream, it will lead us down to the lake. How wonderfully deep and beautiful is the color of these crane's bills, that's a consequence of all the rain we had; I've scarcely ever seen them of so full and exquisite a lilac. They will grow paler at the edges of the wood, as though the sunlight faded them.

The Late Father Damien.

We reproduce this week from the *Illustrated London News*, a portrait of the late Father Damien, who in the interests of Christianity and humanity, labored for the past sixteen years among the lepers of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, and finally succumbed to the effects of that contagious and loathsome disease.

Joseph Damien de Veuster, born near Louvain, in Belgium, on January 3, 1841, was educated for the priesthood, as likewise was his brother, and went out as a missionary to the Isles of the Pacific Ocean. He was not a Jesuit, but belonged to the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary. In 1873 he went to the Sandwich Islands.

The Hawaiian Government had established, in 1866, a settlement on the shore of Molokai within a few hours' distance by steamboat from the capital city, Honolulu, for the reception o lepers; but for some years it was ill-managed and neglected, and hundreds of the poor creatures died, or fell into dead state of misery, vice, and despair. Damien has lived with them since May, 1873, and by his self-sacrificing labors, as well as by his requests for aid from the Government, and improved official regulations, has wonderfully improved their condition. Their number rather exceeds one thousand. They inhabit two villages, Kalawao and Kalaupapa, on the sea-shore; neat and convenient cottages have been built for them, instead of the former wretched grass huts; good water is supplied in abundance by Government engineering works, under the management of Mr. Sproull; there are two Roman Catholic and two Protestant churches, and one Mormon: schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, and a resident physician, Dr. Swift.

For some time, Father Damien was not only the religious teacher of his own flock, but "the doctor, nurse, schoolmaster, magistrate, gardener, builder, painter, cook, and sometimes even their undertaker and gravedigger." They were taught to cultivate their allotment gardens, to grow sweet potatoes, bananas, and sugar-cane; some keep little shops, others weave mats, and they delight in flowers, music, and dancing, and riding on ponies. The Government sends them an allowance of "taro," a wholesome vegetable food, rice, meat, and fish, and some articles of clothing. The assistant Catholic missionaries and teachers, Father Conradi, Father Wendolen, Brother Joseph, Brother James, and three Franciscan Sisters, must also be mentioned; and there is a Protestant native minister. Father Damien was attacked with leprosy three or four years ago, but never thought of leaving his charge, and was cheerful and active till very recently.

What a pretty sight that old stump is overhung by that blackberry bramble, backed by tall ferns and with all its front and sides decked—almost to its crown—with the dainty dog-wood blossoms. White? yes; but only comparatively so, take them away from all the surrounding verdure and you see they have quite a greenish tinge. Yet how lovely they are, and in autumn they grow prettier still; for then their outspread circle of leaves takes on a purplish tint, and the flowers are succeeded by rings of scarlet berries that look brightly beautiful beside the golden yellow of the fresh fallen leaves.

DOGWOOD.

Well, we have not found our forest gem the showy orchis after all; but

"The rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished win,"

and we have passed delightful hours in the search and discovered many a charming nook; so, not all disappointed, we may part. Besides we have still a chance, for it sometimes lingers till quite the end of June.

DONNA BIANCA.

Cause and Effect.

Buffon, the great naturalist, one day entertained a company of distinguished savants at dinner. At its conclusion they all went out into the garden. It was a very hot summer's day. In the centre of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe, which one of the guests happened to touch with his hand, when he found, to his astonishment, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned towards the sun. He communicated the discovery to the other guests, who proceeded to verify the statement. What could be the cause?

An animated discourse ensued, in the course of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for the strange paradox. At length our scientists agreed that it must be so, owing to the laws of reflection, repulsion, or exhalation, etc. The host was, however, not quite convinced, and, calling to the gardener, he said to him:

"Pray tell us why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned towards the sun, if you can?"

"Because just now I turned it round for fear of its cracking with the great heat," the man replied.

Carlotta Patti.

Mme. Carlotta Patti de Munck, sister of Adelina Patti, is dangerously ill in Paris. Her salon, where her voice has so often charmed her intimate friends, is closed, and even should she recover her health it is doubtful if she will regain her voice. Mme. Carlotta Patti, like her distinguished sister, is independently rich, although she has been in the habit of giving music lessons to a few favored pupils, among them five Americans. Carlotta had she chosen might have been celebrated as a pianist, but her voice was too marvelous for imprisonment, and as a concert singer she has rarely had an equal. Slightly lame, she was not able to sing in opera, but in the opinion of many had she entered the operatic arena she would have been greater than Adelina.

In the Interest of Science.

Dyspeptic patient—Good heavens, doctor, what are you taking all those murderous things out for?

Zealous physician, who worships his profession—For the autopsy: I am going to find out just what is the matter with you.

Alarmed patient, whose is unduly sensitive—But I am not dead yet.

Calm physician—No, but you might die some time when I would be otherwise engaged, and it is not well to delay the autopsy until decay seizes upon the more delicate tissues. Hold your breath while I take out your lung, please.

Reverse the Order.

A great many people sleep with their mouths open and the windows shut. It is, however, a rule more honored in the breach than observance. If you wish to be "healthy, wealthy and wise," reverse the usual order—sleep with your mouth shut and the windows open.

Zephyrs.

Beauzle—Why does Jove nod?
Deauzle—Why, don't Juno?

Bittso—Strange how brave some birds are.
Jesso—Yes; but the bravest birds quail on toast.

Jake—Did you fight during the war?
Mike—I was married in 1861, and my mother-in-law lived with me until 1865. Did I fight?
Jake—Oh!

Dick—What an angular girl the elder Miss Richard is.
Jack—Yes, quite an angler. Been after me for ten years.

Husband—Darling, do you love me?
Wife (consulting watch)—Why, what a question, Reginald, we've been married only an hour and a half.

Mrs. Snuffle—What delicious milk this is!
Mrs. Parvenue—Yes indeed; we have a cow that once belonged to a member of the aristocracy. She only gives la creme de la creme.

At the theater—Blobson (rising excitedly)—Down with that red umbrella in front!
Mrs. Blobson (drawing him back)—For mercy's sake, hush up! That ain't an umbrella. It's a new spring hat.

Smith—So you were seasick in crossing, were you, old man? Why didn't you take your sea legs along?
Muttonhedde—So I did; but how about my land stomach?

A boy having complained to his father that Bill had thrown his algebra at him and hurt him on the head, the father replied:
"Well, you are the only member of the family on whom mathematics ever made the least impression."

Miss Stagestruck—Do you know, sir, when I recite I am almost carried away by my feelings. I forget everything but the part. The very audience seems to disappear.
Manager (who has heard her recite)—Can you blame them?

Caller—So that is your husband's picture, Mrs. Wideau. Taken from life?
Mrs. Wideau—Oh, yes, he was taken from life ten years ago. You didn't suppose I was a grass one, did you?

At Narragansett.
Miss Backbay—What are you reading, Lena?
Miss Lakeside—Pope; but I can't make out whether it is Leo X. or Pius IX.
Miss Backbay has an epileptic fit.

Husband—Did you have a good time at the five o'clock tea?
Wife—Not at all—it was very tiresome. Everybody that was invited came. There was nobody absent to talk about.

Chicago Woman—I want a marriage license. My fiance is too busy to come himself.
Clerk Of Courts (glancing at calendar)—Let me see, this is the tenth, isn't it?
Chicago Woman—Why, how perfectly absurd of you! This is only my sixth.

Dacquer—Dreadfully solemn wedding! Almost as quiet as a funeral. I didn't see a single soul smile during the evening.
Macquer—I did.
Dacquer—Who was it?
Macquer—The bride's father. He had a private flask.

New Arrival—Can I come in?
St. Peter—Where do you hail from?
New Arrival—From Boston.
St. Peter—Boston, eh? Well, you can go in, but I want to warn you, you will be disappointed.

Ticket Agent (at circus)—Well, boy, you sold out your pies quickly, didn't you?
Little Pie Peddler (whose wares have been stolen by the elephant)—No-n-no, sir. (Sobbing). Th-th-that darned big ingrubber thing too-too-took his t-t-t-tail an shoved 'em all in his p-p-pocket, boo-hoo-ooo-oo-o.

Grigsley (after offering his box to Wilkins and both have lighted their cigars)—I like to lie back in an easy chair like this, Wilkins, and forget the cares of the day. What a solace is a good cigar! See that! How pleasing life looks through an azure cloud of Havana! We've nothing to complain of, I should say, Wilkins.
Wilkins—Nothing; unless it is the cigars.

Puffah—Living out in the country, now, I hear. How do you like it?
Suffah—Toughest work I've had in many a year.
Puffah—I though you had a man to do the work.
Suffah—Well, he can't do the running to catch trains for me, can he?

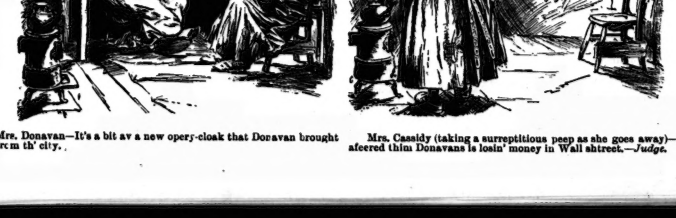
Returned Tourist—You wouldn't believe half the wonderful things that I could tell you about India. Why, in some of the temples of the Brahmins they have fires that have been burning for 2,000 years.
Island Resident—Great Scott! they ought to have our fire department there for a few minutes.

Business Man—Great Scott! What's this? A note from my wife—why, she's in Europe! Ah! it's dated in April before she started. Where did this come from?
Clerk—District telegraph boy brought it, sir.
Business Man—Oh! the fleet winged messenger service. Humph! I guess the boy stopped to look in a window.

Mr. Worldliman—Do you really think, my dear, that Mrs. Lot turned around simply to see the cities of the plain burn up?
Mrs. Worldliman.—Why not?
Mr. W.—After our walk home from church to-day I feel certain that the unfortunate woman met a fair friend, probably from Gomorrah, and turned around to see how the back breadths of her skirt were draped.

Pat (in laundry)—Oi say, Chinamanee! Youee makee me shirtee shtiffee, see? Oi wantee thim well donee nice up, allee samee Oirishwoman washee lady, d'ye moind?
John—Wot Melican man talk 'bout? I guess he off his chestnut.
Pat—Be huvins, the haythen kin talk United States as good as Oi kin meself. Soy, Chinese, Oi didn't know ye could shpake American.
John—If I no speakee the Melican language bettel as you I go smuthel myself. Eats!

Faked Finery.



Mrs. Donavan—It's a bit av a new opery-cloak that Donavan brought me from th' city.

Mrs. Cassidy (taking a surreptitious peep as she goes away)—Oi'm afeered thim Donavans is losin' money in Wall shtreet.—*Judge.*

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XIV.

The ball at Clortell Towers was in full swing. The great drawing-room, stripped of its furniture, was filled from end to end with happy-faced couples of waltzers. The musicians, in the white-and-gold gallery above the doorway, were playing their loudest; girls in diaphanous clouds of tulle or muslin, in shimmer of silks and satins, whirled by in a seemingly never-ending succession; there was a glitter of diamonds, a flutter of fans, a hum of gay voices, and a rhythmical beat of many feet. The ball-room was crowded.

In the hall beyond there were other crowds equally gaily clad and no less light-hearted. Here Lady Elwyn, in gold-and-white brocade, was receiving her guests; the master of the house, looking aged and ill, was talking to the old Duke of Cawthorne, who, though twenty years he might have been his father, was yet, in vigor and strength, by far the younger man of the two. Indeed Lord Elwyn's altered appearance was very generally commented upon in subdued and pitying tones by the guests. It had been long the fashion to attribute all his ailings to that familiar foe the gout; but there were three persons in the world—his wife, his valet, and his doctor—who were well aware that another and more alarming malady had for some time past been slowly consuming him. On this evening he had made a great effort to take his place amongst his guests and to be himself once more; but a deathly pallor betrayed at what cost the effort was made, and how unlikely it was that he would ever preside over such a meeting in his own house again.

The most beautiful of all the lovely women who took part in the festivities of that evening was undoubtedly Lucille Maitland; she bore away the palm from all other competitors. Her Paris dressmaker, a gentleman of world-wide renown, had surpassed himself in the conception of her toilette: scarlet and silver were its prevailing hues, but indescribable and incomparable were the subtle harmonies of its component parts. It was indeed the masterpiece of a great artist; and there was not a woman in the room who did not feel oppressed with a sense of the inferiority of her own costume as this glorious vision, like the plumage of some splendid tropical bird, floated past in its glittering glory. And yet there were a great many present, and those chiefly of the sterner sex, who might have been heard to declare a preference for the far less elaborate toilette worn by Lord Elwyn's daughter. Kathleen was arrayed entirely in white, with a string of priceless pearls—her father's Christmas gift to her—round her graceful neck and a huge bouquet of stephanotis in her hand. There was nothing very remarkable about her dress, and yet she looked unspeakably lovely, and the very simplicity of her raiment did but enhance the sweetness which was one of her chief attractions.

Strangely enough, Kathleen was enjoying herself very much. At twenty there is a buoyancy of heart which it takes a great deal to destroy; and, in spite of the distressing scenes of the previous day, of its alarms and humiliations, she had in a great measure recovered her spirits and her equanimity.

There were several causes for this. To begin with, the unpleasant impression which had been created in the minds of those who had witnessed her confusion and distress in the billiard room had in a great measure been cleverly smoothed away and obliterated by Lady Elwyn's judicious efforts. Her stepmother had been annoyed with her niece for interfering with her pet scheme of marrying Kathleen to Colonel Elwyn. There had been some angry words between them, and Lady Elwyn had set herself to work to counteract Lucille's exhibition of petulant malice. She had easily persuaded Alfred Elwyn that he had misunderstood the cause of Kathleen's agitation, and he had graciously consented to overlook it—although, at the bottom of his heart, he was by no means satisfied with Adrian. However, he promised himself a full understanding with Kathleen herself before binding himself irrevocably to marry her, and he was secretly determined to "have it out with her," as he expressed it, when he did her the honor of proposing to her. Lucille and Kathleen had also interchanged a few words which had somewhat improved the situation to them both.

They had met after breakfast that day, and Miss Maitland had thought it wise to offer some kind of apology for her conduct. Kathleen, who was good-natured to a fault, eagerly met her half-way.

"Pardon you! Of course I will!" she cried impulsively. "You could not guess that I should feel it so much—I am sure you did not mean it, Lucille!"

"Ah, but you don't quite understand! I did mean it in a great measure; but I want to explain to you that, if you will let me alone, I will let you alone.

"I don't quite comprehend."

"No! Oh, it's simple enough, my dear! You don't want me, I presume, to reveal to your father the somewhat suspicious circumstances concerning the common man who talked to me about you so familiarly!"

"Oh, no, no—pray do not!"

"Very well; then as long as you hold your tongue about me"—looking at her meaningly—"I will hold my tongue about you. Now do you understand?"

The color rose slowly in Kathleen's face.

"I think I do," she answered slowly. "But you need not have taken such a cruel method of enforcing my silence, Lucille. I never meant to betray what—what I saw to anyone. You might have trusted me!"

"I never trust anybody—especially a woman," answered Miss Maitland carelessly. "Anyhow, it's always better to make sure of things; and you are not likely now to describe, in one of those confidential *tête-a-têtes* with Sir Adrian for which you always seem to have had a predilection, the little incident you witnessed. You see, if you were by accident to tell him, why, then, I should tell your father that he had better look into that little mystery about you!"

After the little explanatory conversation, Miss Maitland had resumed her ordinary manner to ward Kathleen, and had treated her with her usual half-contemptuous indifference; and Kathleen, whose love for "peace at any price" was perhaps one of the most unhappy weaknesses of her character, was glad to put aside the unpleasant incident and to endeavor to forget it. In the same way, the knowledge of her temporary truce with Tom Darley blinded her to the fresh dangers which threatened her in the future. She was content to live in the present, and to be thankful that he had for the time taken himself out of her path. And Adrian loved her! Not all the bitterness of the facts which divided him from her could dim the misery which the future had in store for her—could entirely obliterate that great and crowning fact. He loved her—he believed in her! But for his bonds to another, he would have been here and she the chosen of his heart.

"I don't much care what it happens to me!" thought the girl to herself, as Major De la Braille was whirling her round amongst the crowd of waltzers. "Nothing can take that away from me—it is a treasure which is my very own, hidden for ever in the depths of my heart!"

For sorrow was as yet but an empty word to her, and the cup of bitterness, which she was destined to drain to its dregs, had as yet but touched her lips. At twenty it seems so much easier to be happy than to be wretched; and it would have taken a harder experience than Kathleen's had been to make her believe in the reality of sorrow and suffering.

Meanwhile there was a large number of persons present who were much interested in the handsome young couple who it was already known far and wide were to be married from Clortell Towers and in Clorchester Minster early in February; and not a few of these watchful people were a good deal surprised to notice that Sir Adrian Deverell did not dance once with his promised bride. Sir Adrian, in fact, did not dance at all; when he was not talking politely to some dignified dowager, or discussing the foxes and the pheasants with some neighboring squire, he was for the most part leaning back listlessly, with folded arms, against the wall near the entrance of the ball-room, watching the waltzers with grave and almost gloomy abstraction. He was not even—so more than one observant maiden noticed—continentally engaged in following the Maitland's regal figure with adoring gaze; he never looked at her at all indeed, save in the most casual and uninterested fashion; and whether he looked at any one of the lovely women who floated past, or whether he saw not one of them, but only some melancholy vision of his own thoughts, did not make itself clear at all to the dear creatures who cast shy glances at him as they went by.

What a pity, thought these young ladies, that such a handsome man should look so cross and dreary, and take so little pleasure in the sight of the beautiful creature who was so soon to stand at his side before the high altar in the Minster! What a grumpy bad-tempered husband he would make, this man who was evidently so far from being the conventionally ardent and eager lover! Poor, poor Lucille Maitland!

And then furthermore it began to be noticed that the bride-elect danced a great deal, and did not seem to mind the attentions of her lover at all; also that she danced very often with the same man—in fact, as the evening wore on, there was only one man with whom she danced—and that this man was also good-looking in quite another style than that of Sir Adrian, and looked as if he was a person who was invited to her than was that gentleman. All these things, which were noticed and commented upon by a few, were remembered long after, when subsequent events threw a strange significance upon them.

"I really mustn't dance again with you, Laurie!—this must positively be the very last time to-night!" she whispered in Laurence Doyle's ear, as he whirled her round in his arms. "There are lots of others, who are all taking notes of my proceedings."

"Let them then! What do I care!"

"Also, I perceive my liege-lord surveying the scene with savage gloom on his brow, and diabolical bad temper, no doubt, in his heart.

"Is he jealous of me, do you think? I wonder how he likes the feeling? I've had a good turn myself at that business. I'm very glad if I am able to give him a few twinges of that nice old-fashioned disease! Don't let us stop, Lucille—you are dancing divinely tonight! Good heavens, what a beautiful woman she is! And yet—and yet—I have no right to be mine—mine!"—and he pressed her almost savagely to his breast.

"Don't!" she answered coldly, drawing back from him. "You forget yourself, Laurie, and you are compromising me!"

They stopped short, the accident found themselves standing not far away from Sir Adrian. Laurence Doyle looked at him quickly. Adrian's eyes were fixed hungrily, yearningly, and miserably, not upon Lucille Maitland, but upon the passing figure of Lord Elwyn's daughter.

"By George, Lucille, that's a run go!"

"What is? Why do you talk such horrid slang?"

"Why, do you not see Deverell! He isn't watching you with jealous eyes at all—not a bit of it—he is looking after your pretty little cousin!"

"Whom on earth do you mean, Laurie?"

"Why, the girl who is in love with the gardener, or the farm laborer—which was it?—Miss Elwyn!"

Lucille shivered from head to foot; a fierce jealousy shook her. She did not love Adrian—she was, in fact, far nearer to loving the pretty empty-headed boy by her side; but she could look on no other woman, and the thought that Kathleen had obtained any power over the heart of the man whom she meant to marry lashed her into positive fury.

"I shall do her a mischief yet!" she muttered between her clenched teeth.

"I believe Deverell is spoons on that girls!" continued the unconscious youth gaily. "And he's jealous of old Mephistopheles—what a lark!"

"How vulgar you are!" cried Lucille angrily. "Your conversation is that of a schoolboy! And, good heavens, how can you insult me by suggesting that any man—least of all the man who is going to be my husband—can possible admire that underbred little daughter of a barmaid, with her dolly face and make-believe innocent air, more than myself!"

Laurie, as was his custom when at a loss for words, took refuge in a low reflective whistle. Sometimes he had a very rough time of it with his beautiful divinity. She had a way of petting him and of leading him on until he poured out his whole soul at her feet, and then of suddenly pretending to be offended and talking about her future husband in a manner that was extremely irritating.

"You are very hard on me, Lucille," he murmured miserably—"deuced hard! Sometimes I think I was a fool ever to come here!"

"I know that you were, Laurie. Why did you come?"

"Because you wrote and begged me to do so; you said you longed for a few more hours of happiness with me before being turned off—you said it would give you pleasure to see me—you said——"

"Good gracious, my dear fellow, don't go on enumerating all the things I've ever said! I really don't want to be reminded of my own remarks so categorically! I can't stop in this room and watch that my creature any longer—I feel as if I should choke! Let us go and have some supper."

In the supper-room there was a great number, and, as the waltzing came shortly afterwards to an end in the ball-room, a fresh crowd of hungry and thirsty dancers was soon crowding in at the door. In addition to a long table, groaning beneath its load of good things, which reached from end to end of the long apartment, there were countless little tables, each spread for two persons, down both sides of the center one. These tables, which were in many cases screened from sight by the masses of palms and exotic plants, or else by Japanese-screens draped with rich embroideries, were very much sought after, especially by such couples—and they were numberless—as were engaged in the pleasant and popular pastime of flirtation.

Lucille and Mr. Doyle, who came into the room before the dance was over, easily secured one of these much-coveted little corners for themselves. It was at the end of the room, and was tastefully screened off from its next neighbor by a pyramid of plants, through the drooping foliage of which Lucille could hear the adjoining table was very soon taken possession of by Colonel Elwyn and Kathleen. For a good while nothing else was to be heard; and Lucille occupied herself with soothing and flattering her ruffled companion—a process whereby she soon worked him up again to a condition of fever-heated adoration. It had been her system all along to cajole and caress him—to murmur, with sighs and with amorous glances, how dearly she loved him—and then, when he was half frantic with love and despair, to turn around on him with cold scorn, and to assure him that she certainly meant all the time that he was her engagement with Adrian, and that never, never, never, in any circumstances whatever, would she have consented to marry himself. It was a game that was very amusing to her; she was never tired of playing it, nor of working upon the feelings of the unfortunate victim whose weakness was of a more decided nature than his wickedness.

On this evening she played at this little pastime in the cosy corner of the supper room where they sat screened from all observers and virtually *tête-a tête* together in the crowd. She rested her white elbow on the table, and, taking a little crisp biscuit daintily between her pearly teeth, and fixing her blue eyes—tender, saucy, languid by turns—upon the face of the youth before her. Sometimes she murmured broken words—sometimes she sighed—sometimes a little ripple of laughter broke from her red lips—and sometimes, again, she only looked at him, practising upon him the long slow looks of concentrated love and regret which set his brain on fire and well-nigh drive him to madness. He was infinitely more amusing than Adrian. She had never been able to play such pranks upon him—never, even in the first days of their courtship. When she had essayed it, he had seemed shocked and reserved, and had speedily shown her that such arts had no place in the honest and open love of two persons who understood each other.

That perhaps was why she had tired of him so soon, and why Laurence Doyle attracted her so much more than he did.

Adrian was commonplace in her estimation—that is to say, he was honest, manly, straightforward Englishman; whilst Laurie she designated as "picturesque"—which meant to her that she could twist him round her fingers and amuse herself at his expense. She did not want to marry Laurie—oh, dear, no!—but for purposes of entertainment he was infinitely more to her taste. All the time she was talking to him and torturing him accordingly in her worst, most provoking occasions, she raised her white fingers idly as though to twist the diamond ear-ring that glittered there—was alive and alert to what was going on at the next table behind the plants.

For a long time she could hear nothing, because the crowd and noise in the supper-room were so great; but at last a while another dance was struck up in the ball-room, and the room began rapidly to empty.

"Don't you want to go and dance?" asked Laurie.

"Not I. I am far happier where I am. Are not—you?"—with a siren look of intensest love in her blue eyes.

The infatuated young man murmured words of devotion as he laid his fingers upon hers. She drew them away hurriedly with a warning.

"Hush!" for she had begun to hear the murmur of the voices of the two persons at the next table.

"I entreat of you to tell me!" she heard Colonel Elwyn say earnestly.

Lucille's time was come.

"Laurie, dear boy, do go and get me another quail—one of those nice ones stuffed with truffles—they are simply delicious! I must have another!"

"Dearest, I've already hunted high and low to find you some—the servants say they are all eaten."

"Oh, but they will have brought up a fresh supply by now! Go and see again. If you find Simpkins the butler he will tell you where to get them." Laurie rose obediently. "And a pint more champagne, Laurie—none of Heidsieck, mind—the '74, you know—don't be put off with the other!"

Mr. Doyle walked away to fulfil her orders, utterly unconscious that the lady of his affections only wanted to get rid of him for a space. Then, in the hush that followed his departure, Lucille heard Kathleen's voice.

"I could never marry a man who would not trust me, Colonel Elwyn!"

"But, if I do trust you, Kathleen—if I swear to you on my honor that, having told me that you are absolutely innocent of any evil thing in your life, I will believe you thoroughly—entirely—by Jove, it would be impossible to doubt you!—well, then will you not think better of it and consent to be my wife?"

"No, no—it is impossible! You are very, very generous and good to me; but it can never be!"

"Why? Am I so repulsive to you?"

"No, it is not that, although I think we should be unsuited to each other; but that is not my reason."

"What is it then?"

"Do not ask me—I cannot tell you!"

"Will you not try to like me well enough? I spoke to your father this morning—his very heart is set upon it!"

"Poor papa!"

"Consider, Kathleen, how happy such a union would make him! The loss of his son was a terrible blow both to his love and his ambition.

"Yes—I know, I know!"

"Think how much I would make up to him if you would only consent to marry me! I know, my dear child, that I am too old for you—that I cannot hope to be a young girl's fancy; but, if I do not expect too much from you——"

"Oh, you are very good to me, Colonel Elwyn! I know quite well that it would be a good thing for me if I could marry you——"

"At any rate, do not decide now. Think it over; take a month—three months—any time you like—only give me a chance!"

Colonel Elwyn, piqued by Kathleen's refusal, was now pleading his cause with all the eagerness of an ardent lover. Her resistance made him only more determined than ever, and, in his strong desire to win both her and her fortune, he was quite ready to overlook that uncomfortable little scene in the billiard-room on the previous night which had so greatly upset his equanimity.

There was a little silence; Kathleen seemed to be debating.

"If I could only explain," she began hesitatingly.

"My dear child, do explain—do confide in me! There can be no invincible barrier."

"There is an invincible barrier."

"Tell me what it is."

"Very well," she said, after a brief silence—"I will tell you something. I cannot tell you the whole of it; but I can tell you one thing that makes it impossible for me even to consider your proposal. If I tell you this one thing, will you promise me on your word of honor that you will not question me further, or seek to know more than I tell you?"

"I swear I will not!"

"Well, then, I cannot ever think of being your wife, Colonel Elwyn, because I have promised to marry some one else as soon as I am twenty-one."

"I can't get hold of a single quail, Lucille! They are all gone—there are no more to be had. I have brought you some pheasant *galantine* instead—Simpkins says it's splendid stuff; and there's the fizz; so not so bad, I hope you will be satisfied with me."

Miss Maitland was anything but satisfied with him, and lost her temper horribly over the *galantine*. Why could he not have stopped away longer, and allowed her to hear more of that most interesting conversation at the next table?

"Beastly stuff!" she said, pushing the offending plate crossly away. "I hate *galantines*, especially of pheasant! Why couldn't you bring me what I asked you to get?"

"There wasn't any to be had. I assure you, I went all over the place after it! This is very nice."

"I don't want it—I won't touch it! No, no—no champagne either! I am sick of this room! I will go back and dance. Take me back to the other room;" and she sailed off in the very worst of bad tempers, Laurence Doyle following her in a much-crushed and humbled condition of mind.

"And it is likely that I am going to hold my tongue and see that girl become Lady Elwyn, with all her father's money and a place like Clortell, when by a single word she could stop it all and crush her to the very dust?" That was what Miss Maitland said to herself as she stood in a corner of the brilliantly-lighted hall-room, and half unconsciously permitted Laurence Doyle's arm to steal round her waist and to whirl her away into a polka which was being danced.

All through that polka she was unusually silent; but her thoughts were active enough.

"She is engaged to that common man then—that is her shameful secret! He must have spent some hard cash on her, I suppose, and be more than friends. Bah—how sickeningly disgraceful! I suppose she thinks Alfred Elwyn will marry her in spite of that vague barrier she talked about. But, if Colonel Elwyn knew what sort of a man it was that his dainty young lady was bound to—if he had seen, as I have, his rough dirty clothes, his low sensual face—which she has doubtless caressed—his tangled hair—which she has doubtless fondled—he would not be quite so ready, I fancy, to want her for himself! And, if her father knew—ah, if her father knew!—what would his feelings be towards the gutter-child whom he has tried to turn into a lady, but who all this time has been carrying on a low intrigue with an individual whose proper position is to feed the pigs in the farm yard? If only her father knew!"

They had come to a halt by the door of the conservatory.

"How horribly white you look, Lucille! Are you tired? You have danced too much to-night. You should have had that pint of champagne—it would have done you good. Come back into the supper-room, and let me get you some."

She was, in fact, deadly white. A great and desperate resolution was growing up in her mind. She who loved money, and to whom revenge was sweet, would it not be a splendid thing if by one grand stroke she could gratify both these tastes at once? The mental struggle, not with her conscience—Lucille did not own such a thing—but with the expediency and the due carrying out of her object, knit her brows into long lines of anxiety and drew down the corners of her mouth. She looked old and worn at that moment.

"Thanks," she said quietly, in answer to Laurence Doyle's anxious inquiries and suggestions—"I do feel a little tired, and the room is hot. Yes, I think a glass of champagne would certainly put me together a bit."

As she moved through the crowd in the ball-room on Laurie's arm, she was saying to herself:

"If my uncle knew that about his daughter—if he were told the circumstances—if I could tell it him in such a manner as to put the very worst construction upon her conduct—then his anger and disgust would be so great that he would disinherit her, she would probably make a new will, and he would undoubtedly leave a very large sum of money to me instead of to her, as my uncle is convinced he intended to do before the fancy came to him to acknowledge this mysterious girl, whose mother nobody knows anything certain about. Yes, the money would come to me instead of to her, if Lord Elwyn were told!"

As they went through the hall towards the supper-room, they passed Colonel Elwyn and Kathleen coming out of it. She was leaning upon his arm, and he was stooping down smilingly towards her. She did not seem at all agitated or unhappy; and the Colonel did not look in the least like a despondding lover. On the contrary, he appeared full of hope and good spirits.

Had she accepted him after all, in spite of the engagement about which she had told him? Was that nothing but a blind to lead him on—a clever ruse to make him more keen in pressing his suit, more ready to forget the scene in the billiard-room of the preceding day? Lucille looked at them both with desperation.

That wretched girl should not triumph over her—should not first steal Sir Adrian's heart from herself and then fall back on a brilliant match and all the family diamonds as the future Lord Elwyn! Why should she go unpunished and undetected in her vile practices? It amounted almost to a holy and virtuous indignation that heart by this time in Miss Maitland's outraged soul.

"Colonel Elwyn evidently has little idea of what sort of man it is who has made love to her! It may or may not be true that she is engaged to him; but, anyhow, she has said so with her own lips, and that is evidence enough to convict her. Why should I hesitate? Why should I delay? No doubt, when my uncle learns the truth, he will discard for ever the low girl who in all probability is not his legitimate child, and a cruel wrong will be righted—vice will be trampled under foot and virtue will be rewarded. I shall tell the whole story to Lord Elwyn to-morrow."

(To be Continued.)

She Was Old and Cross Too.

A caller had mentioned that the Scott had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross.

After he had gone, little Edith who had been very quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mamma by asking:

"Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah?"

The Other Side of The Question.

Tommy (from the roof)—Sorry to waste the boot-jack; but we and the children must have one night's rest!—*Puck.*

Old Time Table Etiquette.

The rules of propriety, given below, are taken from an old Book of Manners, of the fifteenth century: "When you go to eat at the house of gentle folk, you must be careful above all to see that your hands and nails are clean, but don't attend to this when you are at the table, but when you are alone. When you drink, lift the cup in both hands; you must not drink with one hand like a waggoner when he is greasing his cart-wheels. Moreover, you must not cough into your cup, nor drink with your mouth full, like a cow, nor making a noise, like an ox; you must also wipe your nose and your mouth when you have drank. Do not gnaw a bone, like a dog, nor suck the marrow out of the bone. Do not eat an apple all alone, but cut it in two and give your neighbor a piece. In peeling a pear, begin at the stalk, but with an apple you must begin at the top. Never spread butter on the bread with your thumb. Don't drink your soup out of the plate, but eat it with a spoon, and at the same time don't sip and guzzle like a calf."

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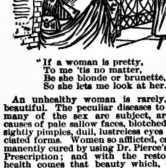

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CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

He sat thinking of the uncalled for misery he had suffered—misery which would have been escaped had he been less blind on the night she had so fondly reminded him of, and he called himself a fool again not less vituperatively than he had done then. And that wretched jealousy of his brother which had tormented him all through his wilfully prolonged absence at Glendale, and tortured him only more cruelly since his return—how absurd it was now—a thing to laugh at! He had won her heart before Duke appeared to rival him, and held it now although Duke had done his best to win her.

Thinking of Duke made him think of something else. He had seen that it was only by an effort that she had looked so prettily unconscious on the previous day beneath his mother's keen looks, and surely there was but one reason why Duke should thus suddenly absent himself. He had not thought of it then. Smiling, he asked suddenly.

"Why has Duke gone away, Adela?"

She started, flushed deeply, and made a little deprecatory movement and grimace.

"Oh, Guy, I didn't think you knew!"—I don't."

"But I mean," said the girl, with the same comically rueful look, "I didn't think you knew at all. Did any one say anything to you?"

"When I came home from Glendale, my mother told me that your engagement was almost certain—only, in fact, the matter of a day or two."

"Oh," cried Adela, with wide-open eyes, "what a dreadful fib! And did you believe it?"

"At least, I thought that it might very likely be."

"How could you? No, I won't scold you this time, although you deserve it! Lady Oldcastle had no right to tell you. I wish she went on earnestly—"I had given her no right to think it, and I am sure I gave your brother none. I tried to stop him as soon as I began to understand—I am sure it was not my fault if I failed—I tried to be as disagreeable as I could. That was why"—in a lower tone—"I was quite sure she would not like me to be your wife."

"What else, love?"

"That's all, except that"—stammering a little—"I suppose he went away because of it; for I haven't seen him since."

"When was it?" Sir Guy asked.

"I climbed up into The Shark's Mouth directly afterwards, because I wanted to think over things—they were getting so mixed."

It was impossible to meet the look she gave him, half whimsically bashful, half whimsically amused, with an odd little deprecating smile that made her lips twitch, and not laugh. He let laugh, more heartily than she had ever heard him laugh before, getting out of his chair as she slid off her perch and turned to the door.

"Are you going to run away again?" he asked.

"Well, if I do, it is your turn to run after me; isn't it?" she retorted pertly. "Blister looked as if he wondered what in the world I meant by it when I came through the workshop just now. We will go out—it is a shame to waste such glorious weather indoors; and every summer comes to me with regret that I"

A wistful tone had crept into her voice, but she shook her head as if to shake the unpleasant recollection away, and got out the words—"Never mind—winter is lovely too; but it is wise to enjoy the sunshine while we have it. Doesn't that remind you of a copy book? Copy books tell the truth sometimes, though. Now I must go and get my hat, or I shall ruin what remains of my complexion, and Pinkum will break her heart."

Lady Adela ran up to her room, and cried out gaily to Pinkum to find her hat and gloves and make haste. As she turned into the gallery again, Angel came darting after her and clinging to her hand.

"Let me come with you Lady Adela—do! Fanny won't come out with me—she's busy—and there's no one to speak to. I'm almost sorry Miss Stone's gone away—she was better than nobody. I'll bring Grimm's Fairy Tales, and then you can read to me, can't you?"

Adela did not want Angel, and still less did she want Grimm's Fairy Tales; but she looked at the queer little eager brown face, and had not the heart to say so. She smiled kindly instead.

"I can't read to you, Angel, because cousin Guy is coming too."

"Well, I don't mind—I like him," said Angel indulgently. "He can come if he wants to."

"I don't mean that, you funny child!" Adela exclaimed, laughing. "I mean I can't read to you, because I must talk to him. But you may come with us if you like, and bring your book if you want it, and then you can read for yourself."

Angel darted off for her book, and presently came running back with it, all breathless and panting. Sir Guy, with a laugh at her excited face, and his usual twitch at her lank hair, which she bore with the utmost good-temper, took the shabby volume from her and put it into his pocket.

"Run off now, Angel," said Adela, "and pick me some flowers—the prettiest bunch you can find."

Angel ran off immediately, roaming about from bed to bed, and filling her little hands with the most gorgeous-hued blossoms she could see. By the time they reached Adela's favorite seat by the lake, she had gathered a posy of formidable dimensions. Here she sat down upon the grass and scattered her spoils around her in the utmost possible confusion, preparatory to putting them together again, while Rob Roy sat and looked at her with his tongue out and occasionally walked over to her and them. So Angel parted her nosegay-making under difficulties, and listened to the conversation that went on beside her with precious attention, curious and interested, holding her own tongue with matronly patronage and discretion. Angel did not exactly understand the state of affairs, but she felt that there was something unusual and respected it with a most uncharacteristic consideration.

Presently Adela and Guy ceased talking altogether, and were no more heard of than Rob Roy himself. Angel looked round. Adela was sitting with her hands clasped upon her knees, staring thoughtfully away across the lake, and Guy was looking at her. Angel bore it as long as she could, and then turned round abruptly.

"If you don't want to talk any more than that, Lady Adela, you might just as well read to me, I should think," she said indignantly.

Adela started and looked round with a smile.

"So I might, Angel. Go on with your nosegay, and you shall come upstairs with me before dinner and I'll read to you then, if you do it very nicely." She pushed the curly hair from her forehead and glanced at her lover's dark, quietly happy, and contented face. "I am very stupid, I'm afraid, Guy, but I had wandered off into dreamland without knowing it—about a dream, too. I had one last night the most vivid one that I ever had in my life, I think. When I awoke, I could not manage to get back to reality at all."

"Am I to hear it, love?"

"Of course; I am going to tell it you." She changed her position to lean lightly upon his shoulder—a fact of which Angel took instant cognisance with the roundest of eyes—and spoke, looking absently with dreamy eyes away across the bright water. "Everything was so wonderfully real," she said abstractedly. "and I was so happy in it that I was almost sorry when I awoke. And yet things were not in the least as they are. I thought something had happened—I didn't know what—that had cut us—you and me—completely off from the old life—something so overwhelming and final that we could never go back. All that we had ever had, all that we had ever been, was shut off inexorably by a curtain that could never be lifted again; but I had left us together.

"Go on," Guy said gently, as she stopped. "This vague misfortune was not quite inexorable, my darling, since you say it left us together."

"Ah, no—that is what we both thought—not quite, because we never spoke of it. Only we both knew that it was so, and were willing and content for it to be so. I know that the thing we seemed to understand thoroughly to us was that it was quite impossible for us to look back and regret what we had done."

"Had we made this change ourselves then, Adela?"

"I think so—it seemed so. Guy, I can't make you understand by anything I say how wonderfully, extraordinarily real and lifelike it all was. It did not seem to have just happened, but a long time ago. We were living in quite a small house, I thought—not poor, but poor as all as we are—and you were busy with your writing and your work, and I was not Lady Oldcastle."

"What then, Adela?"

"Nobody, dear—only your wife." The little hand upon his shoulder moved shyly up to his neck and clasped it. "It was a strange dream, wasn't it?"

"Strange in the impression it made upon you, at any rate. What a fanciful little imaginative creature you are, my love! You are looking as solemn now as though you anticipated its all coming true. We are not likely to have mysterious misfortunes happen to us."

Adela pressed her hands over her eyes and shook her head with a nervous little laugh.

"I deserve that you should laugh at me, I know," she said; "and it is very good of you not to tell me that I am a goose. That's exactly what I said to myself when I woke up, and lay recalling it all, and trying to rid myself of the stupid impression I had that it would rately all come true some day—trying to convince myself that any misfortune like that, loss of money, name, position, everything but one thing, couldn't happen to us; and, if it should——"

"Ay, if it should?" Guy struck in quickly, with a face oddly darkened. "If such a misfortune should happen to me, Adela——"

Adela's hand was laid swiftly upon his lips and stopped him.

"In that case we will do with the one thing that is left, which is the best thing of all, and be as philosophical as we were in my dream, and never even waste a moment in being sorry for all the others. Why should we, if we had something dearer and more precious than them all?"

Angel had finished her nosegay by this time, and she sat with her knees drawn up to her chin and her arms embracing them, listening eagerly. Now she broke out suddenly with—

"Lady Adela, was aunt Olivia dead in that dream!—

"Dead!" Adela echoed, looking startled. "I don't know, Angel. I don't think so; I hope not. Why?"

"Umph," said Angel, with a somewhat contemptuous elevation of her assertive little chin, and look of certainty disapproved—"I don't see how it was funny then at all!"

"Don't you? Why not?"

"Why, because it wasn't," asserted Angel argumentatively—"that's why. How could you be Lady Oldcastle when she was! She couldn't, could she, cousin Guy?"

"I hope so, Angel. We'll try to manage it, at any rate."

"But there can't be two of them at once, can there?" said Angel reflectively, hugging her knees.

"I think we can manage it." Guy rose, and lifted the queer huddled little figure to its feet. "You know those wonderful fairy-tales you are so fond of, Angel? Don't the princes and the lovely princesses in them have magic rings and bracelets and looking-glasses, and all kinds of marvelous things?"

Angel nodded expressively and expectantly.

"Well, one of these days, as soon as she will let me—and that will be very soon, I hope—I shall buy a magic ring and put it on her finger, and that will change her into Lady Oldcastle in a twinkling."

"Will he, Adela?" inquired Angel, doubtfully, with wide-open eyes.

"So he says, you see."

"Will she do just as she likes then, cousin Guy?" questioned Angel.

"Well, that's as it may be," replied Sir Guy amused. "I'll be on the safe side, and say that I think she will most of the time. Why?"

"Because—" She broke off, twisted herself from him and turned to Adela. "Stoop down, Lady Adela—right down. I want to whisper to you."

Adela complied. Angel whispered something very emphatic and voluble in her ear, and then turned to Sir Guy again.

"You might just as well have said that it was a wedding-ring instead of a magic one, cousin Guy, and that she was going to be your wife," she observed loftily, "because of course I understood all the time." With that she picked up her nosegay, and walked off with it.

Guy, looking after the small figure, laughed shortly, and then asked:

"What did the comical little mortal whisper to you so mysteriously?"

"She is an odd child, isn't she?" Adela answered, slipping her hand within his arm as they sauntered slowly in the direction of the house. "What do you think it was? That the moment—the very moment—that I could do as I liked, I must turn that horrid, dreadful, hateful Mrs. Uglow out of the Towers!"

"What could I do to put that into the child's head!" Sir Guy asked.

"I don't know"—and Adela shrugged her shoulders—"but it was a very natural thought. She dislikes Mrs. Uglow; but not more than I do. Don't ask me why, Guy—I can't tell you, because I don't know myself."

He might have questioned her further, but for her evident reluctance. So they wandered on in the sunshine and the idle, happy humor took them, dreaming or talking softly of a life that was never to be.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The luncheon-bell was ringing when the lovers got back to the house at last—they had managed to while away the whole of the glorious morning. Adela ran up to her room at once to get ready for the meal, and Angel followed her. Guy, turning to the passage leading to his workshop, was intercepted by the butler.

"Mr. Duke has come home, Sir Guy," the old man whispered confidentially. "I thought you would like to know it."

"Come home, has he?" Guy stopped with an involuntary frown. "All right. When was it, Kenrick?"

"Only a few minutes ago, sir—ten maybe. Mr. Duke is with her ladyship in the morning-room."

"All right," said Guy again. "Thanks, Kenrick—that'll do."

He did not go on to the workshop, but walked quietly up and down beneath the gallery in the space between the double staircase, whence he could keep his eye upon the closed door of the morning-room. When, at the end of some ten minutes, it opened and Duke came out, looking as depressed and ungracious as he ever could look, he found his brother pacing up and down, and obviously waiting for him.

Their greeting was brusque and short enough upon both sides, for neither had spoken more than a word to the other since the scene in the Beech walk. The memory of that scene between them was not unpleasant when the first mutual awkwardness was over.

Duke, chagrined as he might be, and astonished as he was, at the news of the engagement—of which he knew already—had common sense and frankness enough to acknowledge to himself that he had lost the game in fair field. Spite was not in his nature either, and he cherished no especial grudge against his brother for the blow in the Beech walk, which he inwardly confessed he had certainly brought upon himself. Again, he really felt greatly obliged to Guy for the manner in which he had managed to get Amy Stone away from the Towers; and Lady Adela's emphatic denial had dissipated the idea that it was that unlucky affair that he owed his rejection. Also, he felt bound to admit that his brother had not been ungenerous to him in the past; and, if he played his cards well, it was possible that he might not be ungenerous in the future. Altogether, he accepted the situation with a good deal of foresight, judgment, and philosophy, and was not at all inclined to quarrel with his brother. So this conversation ended, rather perversely, with a more cordial feeling and a friendlier hand clasp than either of the two could remember before.

So far, so good; but Duke felt uneasy, uncomfortable—"out of it," as he termed it—and passed a slow and dull day enough, wondering how soon his brother might safely be approached on the ticklish subject of money, and how soon—when Guy was once successfully approached, of course—he would be able to get away from the Towers. He longed to get away. Had he not been kicking his heels in the old barrack for nearly six weeks? And with a precious result, truly!

He felt more hopelessly "out of it" than ever when the evening came, when Adela and Guy left the drawing-room to stroll up and down the terrace, and presently to pass into the flower-garden beneath. To play second fiddle at all where a woman was concerned was new to Duke—to play it to his brother was altogether unprecedented, even humiliating.

He got up presently, after some unsuccessful attempts to get interested in a heap of magazines, and, crossing over to his mother's little table, sat down on an ottoman over against it.

Lady Oldcastle was looking tired, troubled, gloomy. Duke had noticed this when he had first seen her upon his return earlier in the day, and had idly attributed it to her grief, disappointment, and chagrin which she had taken no pains to conceal. Glancing at her now, he was more than ever struck with her pallor and her restless haggard look; but he did not speak of it at once. He made a careless remark or two which meant nothing, and then began, in a more earnest tone—

"I may as well see about taking my departure from here for the present, I fancy, mother. You see——"

"Why?" Lady Oldcastle questioned, with a quick turn in her chair.

"Well"—with a shrug—"not to speak of its being about the dismalest old prison—I beg your pardon, mother—you like it, I know, but I never could stand much of it myself—not to speak of its being, I say, about the dolefulest old dungeon that ever bored a man, I'd rather get away from it just at present for other reasons. It's very certain that I sha'n't do any good by stopping here—that's all up. And I can't say that I should find it particularly pleasant in other ways."

Lady Oldcastle looked at him quickly, a flush rising in her cheeks.

"I don't understand you. Has Guy——"

"No," said Duke deliberately, forestalling the conclusion because he knew so well what it would be—"No, I can't say that he has; it's nothing of that sort."

"Have you spoken to him since you came back?" asked his mother felt.

"Yes; we had a talk. I haven't any complaint to make of him that I know of, beyond that he seems to get all the luck, confound it! And I dare say he'll make her a vast deal better husband than I should have done," he added moodily and with unusual humility. "No, mother; what I meant was——

He broke off. Adela and Guy had not left the terrace yet, and, as they passed close by one of the open windows, their voices were plainly audible within the room—Adela's at least. She was speaking hastily.

"No, I don't wonder that mamma hasn't written. Consider her nerves, and the shock that I heartlessly inflicted upon them, all in half a sheet of notepaper too! It will take her quite a week to recover herself. But it is odd that uncle Plumptre hasn't replied to your letter. He is very prompt as a rule. He says that prompttitude was the prop and staff of the silk-and-satin business, and that he is as business-like now, thank Heaven, as his father was when he stuck to his stool in the counting-house for fifteen hours a day at exactly the same number of shillings a week."

If Adela, on one side of the shrouding curtain, could have seen the expression of Lady Oldcastle's face on the other, her entirely hapless and unembarrassed laugh might have had another tone in it.

"It's so delightful to talk to you, Guy," the girl went on, her tone changing to one of pretty caressing confidence, "because I can say to you just what I please, no matter what it is, without wondering whether you will misunderstand me. I always know you won't—and that's what I mean when I say it's delightful. But what were we talking about? Oh, uncle Plumptre! Did you suggest going to Sugbrooke to see him, or say anything as to his coming here?"

"Neither. I thought it better, and more courteous too, for that matter, to leave myself entirely at his disposal." Duke's voice.

"Then he'll come here," said Adela decidedly—"not a doubt about it; and that's the reason we have heard nothing from him. What is today? Saturday! Then he'll be here on Monday before luncheon, with a cut-and dried plan in his head and a pocket-book full of notes in his portmanteau, and settle it all before dinner."

"What is our part of the business? To submit?" Guy's voice asked in an amused tone.

"I suppose so. Why not? How lovely the sea looks, doesn't it? I wish we were going for a sail to-night."

They had been moving for the last few moments, and now their voices and footsteps died away together as they descended the terrace steps.

Lady Oldcastle sat rigid, a frown upon her forehead, her lower lip held between her teeth. Duke laughed rather uneasily.

"Well, that's what I meant, mother. It isn't especially pleasant, you must acknowledge, to be in the same house with girl who has just given you the mitten. So, on that account alone, I'd rather go."

A spasm of pain and pride swept across Lady Oldcastle's handsome face.

"But, Duke——" She broke off. "Can you go?" she asked expressively.

"Of course I can't—that's the worst of it—until I have talked Guy over. He was pretty gracious this morning—wonderfully for him, lucky lover—and I think if I work the oracle judiciously I may be able to get something out of him. He might spare me a thousand, at the rate, without hurting himself, especially now. I'll try for it, anyhow."

"If he refuses?" asked Lady Oldcastle.

Duke shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Time enough to trouble about that when he does. But I don't think he will. He looks in the seventh heaven, and so might pull me out of the abominably uncomfortable hole I'm in, if only from a fellow-feeling. Besides, hang it all, he might in conscience have some scrt of fraternal affection for his own father's son, I should think! And, if he does lend me a hand at all, why, I'll be a good boy and mind my p's and q's for a little while, by way of novelty, and show that little puss, Lady Adela, what a mistake she made! Upon my word, mother, I'm afraid you're ill!"

He had been talking in his lightest, easiest, most careless manner, to cover some deeper feeling perhaps, and had not noticed the changing of his mother's face. Now, as he glanced at her, her ghastly look alarmed him, and he rose quickly.

"I'm sure you're ill, mother! Let me ring."

"It is nothing. It will pass in a moment," Lady Oldcastle contrived to mutter. "Sit down again, my dear; it is nothing."

"But let me get a glass of wine, at least," Duke urged.

"No; I could not take it. It is merely a feeling of faintness; it will pass directly."

Her voice and manner were so decisive that Duke sat down against any further suggestion, but he still looked at her anxiously The ghastly look did from her face and lips in a moment or two, although both remained excessively pale.

"Upon my word, you quite scared me, mother!" he said. "I never saw you look like that before; I thought you were going to faint."

"I never faint," said Lady Oldcastle, in her measured tones, looking away.

"No, of course not," Duke allowed readily; "that's why it gave me such a turn. Oh, you by-the-way, you did, though! You had some fit of the sort on the day I came home; I had forgotten it."

"Who told you?" The startling rapidity of the question and the swift thrill or shudder that ran through her made him look at her glancingly again.

"How nervous you seem, mother! There's nothing out there but that couple love-making"—for she had turned her face from him and towards the window. "Who told me, did you say? Mrs. Uglow."

"What did she tell you?"

"Nothing much—only that some fellow—I forget what his name was—Kite or Blight, or something like that—had called to see you, and that you had scared every one in the house by having a fainting fit. By the way, what was the man's name? I know I haven't got it quite right."

"Gabriel Dwight."

The name seemed to come from her parched white lips without any volition of her own. She clenched her hands, repressing herself with all her strength, or she must have cried out aloud to him in her agony to be silent and spare her for mercy's sake. She turned still farther from him. The summer dusk, as she turned her face towards the window, hid its strained ghastly look.

"What else," she asked, "did she—that woman—tell you?"

"That he—what is it—Dwight?—uncommonly queer name—had come to bring you some bad news or other, and blurted it out so that it scared you into fainting. The death of a friend, the old lady said. I've meant to ask you about it before, because, as far as I know, I cannot recollect even hearing the name."

"Did she tell you the name?"

"Oh, yes—I asked her! Martin Langton."

Lady Oldcastle sat perfectly motionless. Duke leaned forward a little, trying to see her face in the gloom.

"I say, mother, who was Martin Langton?"

Lady Oldcastle rose suddenly, swept swiftly across the room, and pulled the bell rope violently.

"I must have lights!" she cried, in a harsh, jarring, unsteady voice. "I hate this gloom—this creeping shadow! I feel horribly nervous—everything is! It is as though there were death in the house! Most horrible!"

She stood silent for a moment, her hands pressed upon her eyes, and then, in the same impetuous reckless way, she crossed to the piano, seated herself at it, and dashed into a loud brilliant march.

Duke stood staring in utter wonder. Had she fainted at his feet, she could not have astonished him more. The march was filling the room with ringing music, and the footman was entering with the lamps. Duke left it at the same moment and went out, wondering, puzzled, and perplexed, into the open air.

(To be Continued.)

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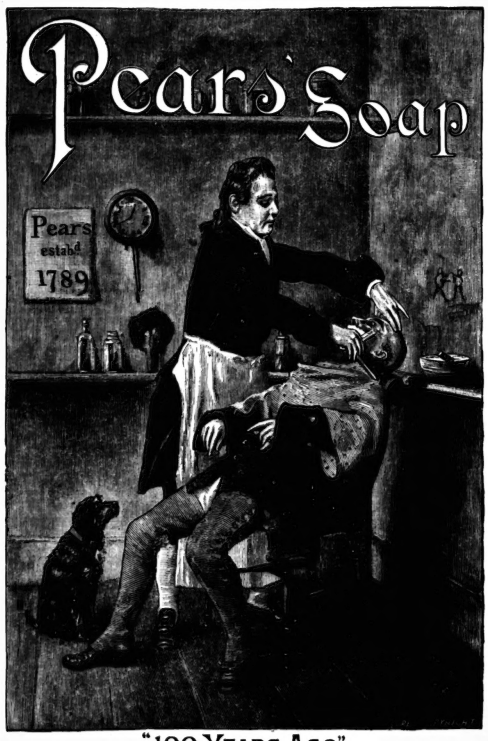

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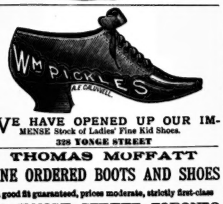

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BARRIE.

Mrs. Schreiber of The Boulders, Allandale, gave a delightful dance last Monday evening. A number of young people availed themselves of this pleasure, and it is scarcely necessary to mention that all had a most enjoyable time. The following were present: Mrs. Walsh of Orangeville, Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, Miss Hewett, Miss Routh of California, Miss Reiner, Miss Kortright, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Mason, Miss B. Mason, Mr. T. Boys and Miss Boys, Mr. Ralph Audros, Miss Sanford, Mr. Fraser, Miss Cotter, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Russell of Millbrook, Mr. F. Lauder, Miss H. Bird, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. Giles, Mr. Gillett, the Misses Baker, Miss T. Mason, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss Stewart, Miss G. Campbell, Mr. W. Campbell, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, Mr. F. Crease, Mr. Percy Kortright, Miss Johnson of Dunnville, Mr. Hill of Niagara, Mr. T. Baker.

A branch of the Imperial Federation League was formed in Barrie recently. The officers elected were: chairman, Mr. Daniel Spry; 1st vice-chairman, Mr. D. F. Macwatt; 2nd vice-chairman, Mr. H. H. Strathy, Q.C.; 3rd vice-chairman, Mr. F. E. P. Pepler; 4th vice-chairman, Mr. H. Bird; treasurer, Mr. S. J. Sanford; secretary, Dr. McCarthy; committee—Mr. Joseph Rogers, Mr. W. Sherwood, Captain Smith, Mr. George Balkes, Mr. H. Holgate, Mr. J. A. Strathy, Mr. George Henderson, Mr. J. A. McCarthy, Sir Cornelius Kortright and Mr. J. W. Kempling.

After tennis on Tuesday a charming evening was spent at Mrs. J. C. Morgan's. A great many were present, and all appeared to enjoy themselves exceedingly. The floor in the drawing-room had been carefully waxed, and with the good music combined to make it pleasant for those who indulged in the mazy dance. If I gave a list of those who were invited it would simply be a repetition of the names given above with few additions.

Mrs. Cotter of Rock Forest gave an At Home on Wednesday evening June 26. Owing to it having taken place so late in the week, a full account cannot be given.

Miss Ethel McCarthy of Toronto spent a few days in town with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason and the Misses Mason leave for Toronto on Tuesday to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. B. Nicholson has returned after being several weeks in Toronto.

The Misses Henderson are home for their summer vacation from Miss Veals' School, Toronto.

Miss McKay of Orangeville is staying with her sister Mrs. Marks. OCULAIRE.

WHITBY.

On June 18, a very pretty wedding took place in the Methodist Tabernacle here, when Mr. T. G. Whitfield was united to Miss E. I. Hatch. The groom was supported by Mr. H. Ross, and the bride by Misses I. Hatch, M. Whitfield and M. Honck. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, wore a dress of white faille silk and faille de Brocart with point lace. The presents were many and beautiful, the bridesmaids each receiving a moonstone bracelet. The guests were, with very few exceptions, relatives. Those invited were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. German of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hatch of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hatch of Waterford, Mrs. W. F. Hatch of Whitby, Mrs. F. Hatch of Whitby, Mr. T. Whitfield, Dr. C. J. Hastings of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Guy of Oshawa, Mr. F. Hatch of Waterford, Miss A. Hatch of Toronto, Miss N. Hatch of Toronto, Master Arthur Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. R. James of Bowmanville, Miss K. Jeffrey of Whitby, Miss N. Hay, Mr. T. Gibbard of Toronto, Rev. Mr. Rowe of Brampton, Miss J. Bickle of Toronto, Mr. R. Campbell, jr. of Whitby, Mr. J. Campbell of Whitby.

WALKERTON.

Society here has been rather dull for some time past but the monotony was broken on Friday evening when the young bachelors gave an assembly in Rothwell's Hall in honor of the Misses Usher who are about to depart for California. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and flowers. In spite of the rough weather, which no doubt deterred many from going, the attendance was very large. Among the guests were the following: Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Miss Duff of Lachine, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Sinclair, Miss Landerkin of Hanover, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, the Misses Usher, Mr. and Mrs. D. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw, Mr. Norman Shaw of Berlin, Miss A. Shortt, Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Miss Pringle of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Macnamara, the Misses Sutton, Mrs. and Miss Stovel, Miss Wilson, Miss Penton, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Carey of Southampton, Mr. and Mrs. D. Traill, the Misses McClean, Miss Wisser, Mr. and Mrs. Ostle, Mr. and Mrs. Koether, Miss J. Anderson, Miss Wallace, Miss Weekes, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. F. Hughes of Galt, Mr. and Miss Kerr, Miss Buchan, Miss Wilkes, Mr. and Miss Brette and Miss Adams of Chesley, Mr. G. N. Hay of Listowel. The following is a list of the young bachelors: Messrs. F. E. Attwood, Jas. Gray, A. Collins, F. A. Macnamara, W. Shaw, A. Shaw, H. H. Sinclair, W. Barrett, W. Collins, W. Stovel, T. O'Hagan, T. Holt, A. S. McClay, C. Lount, J. Wisser, G. Rawe, M. Dobbin, F. Fox and Darling.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. J. P. C. Phillips is building a handsome billiard room as an addition to his fine residence. The walls and ceiling are of fluted polished wood. The floor is to be highly polished. A tiled fire-place with handsome mantel, after Mr. Phillips' own design, adorns the south end of the room. A door opens out on a pleasant verandah looking westward, while two large windows fill the east side, giving abundance of light and fresh air to this most pleasant apartment. Mrs. Phillips has just finished a beautiful oil painting of Faith, Hope and Charity, which is really a charming picture and finely executed.

Miss Annie Wills is on a visit to her brother, Mr. H Wills, Bank of Commerce, Guelph.

Mr. R. Mathison, principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, leaves for a trip to British Columbia next week.

Miss Mary Falkiner is in Toronto visiting her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Baldwin.

Mr. Harold Jellett succeeds Mr. Merritt in the Bank of Montreal.

Miss F. Vennor of Montreal, daughter of the late H. Vennor, is visiting at her grandmother's, Mrs. C. Wilkins.

Miss Waltz delighted the congregation of Christ church on Sunday evening with her most delightful solo, I Will Extol Thee.

Mr. C. Reid left for England on Tuesday.

The excursion advertised to Penetanguishene will afford a good opportunity of visiting that charming watering place.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

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Reception July 3, at Trinity College.

Concert—July 4, in the Normal School.

Tickets, admitting the public to a single session, 25 cents each, or to the whole series, including reception, $1, can be obtained from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, and from

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HAMILTON FRASER & SONS, Proprietors.

THOMSON HOUSE

PARRY SOUND - - ONT.

This commodious hotel has just been refitted and furnished. It is healthily situated, convenient to steamboat wharf, and commands an excellent view of the bay. Special attention given to tourists. Terms $1.50 to $2 per day.

W. F. THOMSON, Prop., Parry Harbor P. O., Ont.

PENINSULA PARK HOTEL

LAKE SIMCOE

Is now open for guests under new and popular management.

Rates Graded from $7 per Week

Close communication with Toronto and Hamilton trains, and by steamer Enterprise from Barrie to the Park daily, and late train on Saturdays and early train on Monday mornings south throughout the season.

The hotel contains 80 rooms, with all the latest modern appointments; beautifully situated; overlooking Kempenfelt Bay, on Lake Simcoe, and nine miles from Barrie; bath houses, boats, bowling alleys, swings, lawn tennis, good fishing and daily mail. For particulars address:

A. R. BINGHAM

Lessee and Manager, Barrie.

STANLEY HOUSE

LAKE JOSEPH - MUSKOKA

Cool, bracing air, first-class table. Dark room for photographers. Splendid fishing and bathing.

W. B. MACLEAN, Prop.

Lake View House

J. HUTTON, Prop.

This hotel is beautifully situated on Point Kaye, Muskoka Lake, only two hours' sail from Gravenhurst.

Good Fishing, Bathing, Boating, Lawn Tennis, &c. Boats on Hire.

Lake View House is only half a mile from Brandy Lake, which is noted for its splendid Bass fishing. Mail steamer calls daily.

Terms moderate. Special rate for families.

BEAUMARIS HOTEL

TONDERN ISLAND

Lake Muskoka

Good Fishing, Bathing, Boating, Lawn Tennis and Billiards.

TERMS $1.50 TO $2.00 PER DAY.

Accommodation for 150 guests. Parties leaving Toronto in the morning arrive in Beaumaris at 3 o'clock same day. Address—

ED. PROWSE, Beaumaris P. O., Muskoka.

PAIGNTON HOUSE

JOHN F. PAIN, Prop.

This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Rosseau. Accommodation for 50 guests. Good board; also

Boating, Bathing and Fishing

Steamer calls daily.

Cleveland's Postoffice quarter mile distant.

Oakland Park Hotel

TOBIN ISLAND

Opposite Head of Port Carling River

Lake Rosseau

This new summer retreat is centrally and most beautifully situated on "Bear Island" (as it was commonly called previous to being surveyed), containing over 1,000 acres of good land, as yet mostly covered with woods and abounding in game and all kinds of berries. Only two miles above Port Carling, at the Junction of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph. This house commands on every side extensive and by far the most charming land and water views to be had in Muskoka. Dry, comfortable boats for hire. Good fishing and secluded fishing places. Good steamboat wharf. Daily mail. Steamer calls twice daily.

Terms from $1.25 per day. Special rates for families.

J. M. TOBIN, Prop.

Maplehurst Hotel

MUSKOKA

J. P. BROWN - - Proprietor

This beautifully situated and strictly first-class hotel will be open for the season on the 15th of June.

Beautifully situated cottage to let near hotel.

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See the No. 9 and No. 12 Sewing Machines

THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 12 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.

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OF

"THE PENETANGUISHENE"

SPECIAL TRAIN RATES

The fine new hotel, "The Penetanguishene," built by the Penetanguishene Lakeside Hotel Company in their beautiful Waterside Park will open for the reception of guests on

Saturday, July 6, 1889

With the view of enabling heads of families and others to see the house and grounds before settling on the place to spend the summer holidays, a special rate of $1.50 for the return trip (returnable on Monday, the 8th) has been given to guests of "The Penetanguishene" for the opening. In order to avail themselves of this special rate a card of invitation from the Directors of the Hotel Company may have to be presented at the ticket office in Toronto. Application for card can be made to the Secretary.

On and after Monday, July 8, the house will be fully open for general guests. Application should be made early for rooms, and guests should come as early in July as possible, to insure getting them.

Steam Yacht and Boats of all description at Hotel Company's wharf for trips in the harbor or among the 30,000 islands.

For any information address:

THE SECRETARY, P. L. H. CO., Penetanguishene.

QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

IN THE HOTEL GROUNDS

Is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is located in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Niagara River. Opened for the season June 15. Has accommodation for 300 guests. Complete with all modern improvements. The rooms are mostly "en suite," and well adapted for families. Good fishing, bathing and boating. Four lawn tennis courts.

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Clerk—You can't make any mistake in buying that cane, sir—it fits you beautifully!—*Puck.*

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At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BEATON—On June 22, at Toronto, Mrs. James Beaton—a son.
KENT—On June 19, at London, Mrs. M. J. Kent—a son.
CROFT—On June 23, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Croft, Jr.—a son.
BALDWIN—On June 21, at Aylmer, Ont., Mrs. T. M. Baldwin—a daughter.
MUIR—On June 21, at Paris, Mrs. James R. Muir—a son.
BROWN—On June 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Harry Brown—a daughter.
COULTER—On June 19, at Summerville, Mrs. Wm. J. Coulter—a son.
ENGLISH—On June 20, at Toronto, Mrs. E. Taylowe English—a daughter.
JONES—On June 18, at Toronto, Mrs. A. F. Jones—a son.
RAE—On June 16, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Rae—a son.
BLAIN—On June 19, at Toronto, Mrs. H. Blain—a daughter.
CORLETT—On June 18, at Toronto, Mrs. E. Corlett—a daughter.
FORNERET—On June 25, at Hamilton, the wife of Rural Dean Forneret—a son.
MACDONALD—On June 20, at London, Mrs. J. M. Macdonald—a son.

Marriages.

VON SZELISKI-KERR—On Wednesday, June 20, 1889, at All Saints' Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M. A., Paul Victor Von Lubies-Szeliski, to Mary Lilian, eldest surviving daughter of William H. C. Kerr, Esq., barrister, all of Toronto.
HUTCHINS—McPARLAND—At St. John's Church, Prescott, Tuesday evening, June 18, by the Rev. Wm. Lewin, Mr. J. B. Hutchins of Toronto, to Miss Mabel McParland.
BEE—JAMESON—At Don Mills Church, Chester, on June 24, by the Rev. Dr. Hunter, W. G. Bee, son of the Rev. W. Bee, Chester, to Mary Ida Jameson, third daughter of Prof. Jameson, Toronto.
BELL—WALKER—On June 18, at Toronto, G. Bell to Marion Walker.
LAIDLAW—LAIRD—On June 19, at Hamilton, Mr. Andrew Laidlaw of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, to Clara G. Laird of Hamilton.
MARGACH—HAY—On June 19, at Whitby, W. Innes Margach of Port Arthur, to Margie Dunbar Hay.
RICHARDSON—WATSON—On June 19, at Toronto, Dr. W. A. Richardson to Carrie Watson.
TEMPLE—BAIRD—On June 19, at Paris, Ont., George C. Temple of Brantford, to Ida Amelia Baird.
CLARKE—ROBINSON—On June 18, at Consecon, Edmund J. Clarke of Rochester, to Gussie L. Robinson.
WHALLY—JOHNSTON—On June 18, at Brampton, Robert Whally of Esquesing, to Florence Johnston of Brampton.
WILBY—TYE—On June 26, at Toronto, Joseph W. Wilby to Georgina Tye.
QUIGLEY—LYDON—On June 26, at Toronto, M. T. Quigley of Edmundston, N. B., to Sarah (Dollie) Lydon.
VON SZELISKI—KERR—On June 26, at Toronto, Paul Victor Von Lubies-Szeliski to Mary Lilian Kerr.
McMILLAN—KENNEDY—On June 18, at Hornby, George W. McMillan of Esquesing, to Isabel Kennedy of Trafalgar.
GOULDING—FORD—At Toronto, Geo. B. Goulding to Hannah Ford, both of Newtownbrook, Ont.
HALSTED—BRIDGFORD—On June 12, at New York, T. H. Halsted, M. D., of Syracuse, N. Y., to Laura E. Bridgford.
SMURTHWAITE—FRAZER—On June 19, at Vaughan, Richard Smurthwaite of Darlington, England, to Carrie W. Frazer.
EASTON—MURDOCK—On June 12, at Toronto, William Easton to Elizabeth Harbourton Murdock.
FLETCHER—WARREN—On June 20, at Toronto, Francis William Fletcher to Eleanor Constance Douglas Warren.
STRONG—BAILEY—On June 21, at Toronto, Arthur Douglas Dowker Strong of Galt, to Amelia Loretta (Etta) Bailey.
HERRIMAN—ASKEW—On June 19, at St. Paul, Minnesota, Albert R. Herriman of Arvilla, Dakota, to Katharine Hortense Askew.
TATE—GUDGEON—On June 11, at Camberwell, London, George James Frederick Tate of Brixton, to Agnes Mary (Queenie) Gudgeon.

Deaths.

BENSON—On June 11, at Primos, Pa., Mrs. H. S. Benson, aged 63 years.
HARTNEY—On June 20, at Toronto, James Hartney, aged 67 years.
KING—On June 19, at Whitby, Laura King, aged 3 years.
McNALLY—On June 19, at Hanover, Samuel McNally, aged 56 years.
ROME—On June 15, at Brooklyn, Mrs. David Rome.
ZANE—On June 19, at Washington, D. C., Hampden Zane.
FORRESTER—On June 16, at Port Elgin, Mrs. John Forrester, aged 38 years.
SCULLY—On June 20, at Toronto, Patrick Scully, aged 71 years.
DUFF—On June 20, at London, Ont., David Duff, aged 79 years.
CARROLL—On June 20, at Chicago, Rev. Father Carroll, aged 66 years.
CROCKETT—On June 21, at Toronto, Wm. J. Crockett, aged 22 year.
HARRISON—On June 20, at Aurora, George Harrison, aged 79 years.
BAIN—On June 23, at Toronto, Mrs. John Bain, aged 66 years.
McKENZIE—On June 22, Mrs. P. McKenzie, aged 46 years.
JACKSON—On June 22, in the Township of Vaughan, George Jackson, aged 31 years.
McKEAND—On June 21, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. C. McKeand.
STEWART—On June 22, at Parkdale, Mrs. William Stewart, aged 60 years.
CANNIFF—On June 23, at London, D. Stevenson Canniff, aged 31 years.
SCOTT—On June 17, at Oakville, Mrs. Mary McD. Agnew Scott, aged 71 years.

Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby.

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JERSEY JACKETS, BLACK AND DRAB

New stock of those fashionable jackets, some bound, some not bound. Applique Braided Jackets for $9, same as the $11 lot of a few weeks ago. Travelling Ulsters in every size from $5 up.

Choice Millinery

Pattern Bonnets

New York and Paris Novelties--Every New Fashion. Trimmed Hats and Bonnets from Paris and New York. Special line of Children's Trimmed Straws from $2.50 up.

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Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Finness and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

FISHER—On June 25, at London, James Fisher, aged 62 years.
COOK—On June 26, at Toronto, Mrs. George Cook.
COWAN—On June 1?, at New Rattary, Blair Gowrie, Scotland, Wm Cowan, aged 82 years.

J. P. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

Thomson & Dunstan

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SINGLE FARE

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Good to return until July 2.

FARE AND A THIRD

June 28, 29, 30 and July 1

Good to return until July 3.

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Spring and Summer stock in great variety. Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.

DRESSMAKING

Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish Guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.

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The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

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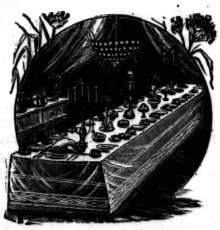

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